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A Story Beginning at Marriage.

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER VI.

"There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life-elysian,
Whose portals we call death.
We will be patient and assuage the feelings
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way."

Six years have passed, eventful years, in the united lives of Mark and Mary Leland. Their daughter Dell, now four years of age, is the idol of its grandparents, and the constant companion of Bessie. The latter has changed from a school-girl to a young lady, as beloved for her goodness as attractive for her beauty. Her winning manners had their source in her innate goodness. Rambles in the forest with Dell were an unfailing source of pleasure. There were the green moss, the bright flowers and a thousand wonderful things to be gathered. They made bouquets of Claytonias in earliest spring, and later of wild violets and anemones. The soft-tinted weeping clouds of the April days were wonderful beings to the child.

"What are they, Bessie?" she eagerly asked.

"Clouds," was the reply.

"Are clouds animals?"

"No; they are water. Do you not see that when the water falls in rain the clouds go away, because they fall down in the rain?"

"I should like to ride on a cloud. Would it not be fun?"

"Oh, chatterbox, only spirits can ride on the clouds."

"Then I wish I were one. You said your mamma was a spirit?"

"Yes, and in heaven."

"Is that a great way off?"

"Sometimes; really, Dell, I do not know," answered the bewildered girl.

"Why do you not go and see her?"

"We can not go to heaven until we die."

"Then why does she not come on the clouds?"

"She does come, Dell, and she is just like one of those soft-tinted clouds."

In the early winter Bessie made her father a visit. Not until she had departed did Dell realize what her absence meant. Then she would not be comforted.

"Hush, Dell," said her mother soothingly; "in the spring Bessie will come, and you will have a happy time together."

"Will it be spring next week?"

"No; not for a long time; but we can wait, and perhaps we will all go to grandpa's, and bring her home with us."

"On the tars? That will be nice." She laughed away her tears, for the heart of childhood was not made for sorrow.

The dreary winter had nearly passed, and the day was appointed for the intended visit. Dell was elated with anticipation, and every day asked if it would be "to-morrow the day after next day."

We talk by lightning, and the short, crisp telegram has affected our writing and speech. The messages of the lightning are terrible in their laconic coldness.

In the midst of their preparation came the dispatch: "Bessie is dying; come at once." Mark received it at the gate, and it fell on his heart like a blow. His thoughts, however, at once reverted to his wife. How could he break the fearful news to her, and how could she bear it? Oh, pitying heavens! Bessie dying, perhaps dead, and he the messenger to break the heart of her he heard singing gaily as she proceeded with her preparations for the journey.

It must be done, and at once, for there was no time to lose. He placed the message in her hand; she read it, and dazed by the suddenness of the blow, she said calmly, "I do not believe it."

"I presume," replied Mark, "it is too strongly stated, but we must not delay. We must take the next train. Oh! I remember now, we are too late. There is none until morning."

"Oh! I can not wait," cried Mary.

"It is, indeed, a misfortune, but we must bear it. We shall reach there to-morrow at any event."

That night was one of weariness, of feverish sleep and feverish dreams. Each one of its hours might be the one when Bessie, over-tortured by pain, might breathe her last, and those she loved best not by her side to comfort her final moments!"

Morning came, gray and cold, with a dim, dead light of leaden clouds over the snow-clad earth. They stood on the platform in the twilight waiting the coming train. They heard its shrill call out of the fog, its rush of panting haste, and then it paused for a moment. Taking a few long breaths, like a giant preparing for a race, it slowly started, faster, faster with fog, smoke, steam, cinders, and fire steaming behind. On, on through the forests and across the wide fields; thundering over foggy rivers, through the deep-cut channels, over high embankment, past villages and cities, on, on, tirelessly on, and yet its swiftness how slow! It creeps like a snail along the endless track. Oh! for wings, to cleave the yielding air—for the wings of the lightning! Space and time are complements. To consume one you must consume the other. Hour after hour the dreary snow fields sped past. Nature, herself, seemed dead.

"Oh! Mark," said Mary, after a long silence, "this suspense is unendurable. If I knew, I could bear it better. If soul is responsive to soul, if there is a mental telegraph which unites those sympathetic, should we not be able to know the situation of the one dearest to us?"

"This telegraph is most subtle, and our agitated minds are not proper instruments to receive such messages."

"I understand, and thus, when we need impressions most we are incapable of receiving them. Because I had no such impression I have been hopeful that the message overstated her danger."

"We will hope for the best," replied Mark cheerfully; "she may before this be recovering, and greet us with merry laughter."

"Do you believe in omens?" asked Mary.

"No; yet I have such a lingering superstition, that dare not ask for one, saying this shall be a sign."

The short winter's day was near its close. The lurid rays of the low sun tinged the tree-tops, as he sank in the jagged clouds, fringed with dull red. Far off on a swell of land was a Catholic grave-yard, with a great black cross revealed with horrid distinctness against the sky.

"See the sign!" exclaimed Mark, in a tone of despair.

It was superstition, perhaps, but how often we are startled by such occurrences!

"Will Bessie meet us at the tars?" asked Dell.

"I hope so," replied her mother, scarcely able to restrain her tears.

"I am sure she will," said Dell confidently.

"Bessie has been ill, and may not be well enough to come."

"Oh, if she knows I am coming she will be there to meet me, for she wrote that she would."

At last the station was reached, and they soon after were at the door of the old home. They were met by Mr. Malcolm in whose face they saw unmistakably written the confirmation of their fears.

With suppressed breath and pale as marble, Mary spoke the one word "Bessie?"

To which her father responded like one in a dream, "Bessie is dead!"

"Let me go to her at once," she demanded.

"It will not be best, my child," replied her father; "you are not able to bear the trial."

"Oh, I must! I must! To enter the house and not meet her; not to hear her merry laugh; not to receive her hearty welcome; is terrible; I must go to her if she can not come to me."

They entered the once pleasant parlor. On a sofa, as at rest, lay her darling Bessie. The intense cold had penetrated the room, and by freezing, had contorted her beautiful features, giving an expression of pain. Yes, she was dead!

She was frozen, and that is doubly dead! Mary threw herself on the inanimate form, kissed the pale lips, and smoothed back the brown hair, murmuring incoherently her precious name.

"This is a bitter cup," moaned Mr. Malcolm, who was prostrated by the blow.

"Mary," said Mark, taking her hand, "come to the sitting-room, where you can warm and refresh yourself."

"I do not wish to be warmed or refreshed while she is so cold!" replied Mary in a painful voice. "See how she suffered! I can not trace one line in these rigid features that was hers. Speak? Never more? She will live; she only sleeps! Oh, God, she was chilled and they allowed her to freeze! Ice, solid ice; and dead! for, if ice, she can never breath again!"

"My dear Mary, would that I, in my strength, might have been pressed on that rack, and she in her tenderness escaped! How gladly would I bear your grief! But it has been decreed, and we must, with fortitude, bear that which we can not avert."

She stood motionless and pale as the inanimate body before them. Then, putting her hands to her forehead she said in a monotone:

"It is terrible, but I will bear it for your sake and for Dell's; but Bessie should not be left here, where it is so cold."

Dell clung to her skirts and began to cry: "Come away, mamma, come away." This diverted her thoughts, and she allowed herself to be led from the room.

They gathered around the hearth where clustered so many recollections. How strange not to have Bessie with them! She had gone from them in the year of promise, in the morn of their brightest hopes. She had been plucked as a half-blown rose, wishing for life because her happiness was so perfect, and there was so much joy in living.

Reason, intuition, spiritual perception were swept away before the storm of grief, and gave no voice when most urgently implored. The senses held supreme control. All that to them was known as sister, the beautiful form, cold and insensible, awaited the grave. In agony they called her name. Not a wisper came from the vacant air. "She is dead," said the senses, "dead; perished like the flower; once beautiful, but now a withered leaf. She has enjoyed her brief day, and yields her place to others. Life, thoughts, emotions, feeling are results of organization. The organization perishes and they are not. Destroy the instrument and the music ceases. Here is the wreck of all your hopes, and the fool only can hope for a future existence."

It was a dark and stormy day when they bore her to the grave. Nature sympathized, and her black clouds wept frozen tears. Friends came with kind words, or in silence pressed their hands, saying far more. How, mechanically, they followed to the grave, and said farewell; how it was finished and done, and they came away as in a dream, is too dreadful to relate.

(The end.)

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

PSYCHIC RESEARCH AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

ALBERT MORTON.

"When Spiritualism, we are told, will submit to really scientific investigation, it will undoubtedly receive it. The reply is, that it has so submitted, and so received it. It has submitted openly, repeatedly, in broad daylight, where every condition that the investigator could reasonably ask has been granted. Scientific witnesses enough to establish its truth forever have testified to the reality of its phenomena. It has come out triumphant from the ordeal, and no scoffs of so-called scientific journals, no leading articles, however clever and sarcastic, can now affect the impregnable basis of pure science on which it rests."

There are many as sensible and intellectual men and women as those prominent in the movement to investigate spiritual science—at a fair intended to illustrate the progress of physical arts and sciences—who are fully convinced of the truth as above stated by Epes Sargent, in the "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," p. 244.

Rip Van Winkle returning from his twenty years' nap in the Catskill, found to his amazement that the world had kept on moving during his dormant condition; now the Van Winkles of psychic research are awaking and beginning to realize that Spiritualism has grown to quite formidable proportions in forty-four years, and many of the sapient ones among them, who have loudly denounced the manifestations as frauds, or delusions of superstitious minds, and unworthy of their consideration, are now kindly proposing to investigate its claims, and give Spiritualism their endorsement if found worthy of their august patronage. Some of those named

as prominent in the movement are Christian Spiritualists, firm in the knowledge of communion between the mundane and spirit spheres of life, and no adverse report would shake their belief; all they can hope to gain is popular approval of their position.

One of the evidences of the grandeur of soul of the Nazarine medium, upon whose mediumistic demonstrations the primitive Christian Church was founded, is that nowhere in the New Testament can be found any evidence that he "crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee that the thirst might follow fawning," or was deterred from proclaiming the truth through fear of loss of standing in the community, never pandered to the "Scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites."

The glorious gospel of continuous existence, of spirit evolution; of happy reunions with loved ones who have faded from our mortal sight; of freedom from physical disease and earthly environments, in a life where the opportunities for the culture of all the highest within us is limited only by our lack of aspiration and efforts, is to be exhibited, subjected to "crucial tests," with other productions of our materialistic age.

"Again the devil (science) taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain (Chicago) and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;

"And saith unto him (the medium) all these things (popularity, means, our approval) will I give unto thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

The sequel to the ancient medium's experience may be repeated by the mediums who decline to "run the gauntlet" in Chicago. When the devil found the mediums declined to be exhibited as a freak in his World's Fair he deserted him, "And, behold, angels came and ministered to him."

Gentlemen of the research committee, did you ever hear of Wm. Crookes, C. F. Varley, A. R. Wallace, Camille Flammarion, L. H. Fichte, Zollner, Hare, Mapes, and scores of others, the peers of any among you; of the host of eminent statesmen, jurists, and literati, whose investigations, profound as any you may be able to make, led them to the conclusion that the facts of Spiritualism rest on "the impregnable basis of pure science?"

If you are ignorant of their thoroughly scientific investigations and the conclusions reached thereby, their evidence has been published to the world and is within your reach; their light has not been hidden under a bushel through fear that the adverse winds of criticism and ridicule would extinguish it.

John Stuart Mill said: "Science is a collection of truths. The language of science is, this is, or this is not; this does or does not happen. Science takes cognizance of a phenomenon, and endeavors to discover its law."

Robert Hare, one of the most eminent chemists of the age, invented ingenious machines to demonstrate the fallacy of spirit phenomena, placing it beyond the power of mediums to produce the manifestations by mundane agencies, or to know what were the agents giving the spirit messages. Forced to accept the truth of spirit communion, "hoisted by his own petard," he had the manliness to publicly avow his conversion from materialism to a belief in continuous life and spirit communications. The scientists refused to listen to his testimony, their scientific minds being occupied at the time in struggling with what they considered a more important subject than immortality, i. e., "Why do cocks crow at midnight?" To which they might have fitly added: "Why do bats avoid the light?"

Tyndall, Huxley, Brewster, Agassiz, and other eminent scientists have refused, when invited, to "take cognizance of a phenomenon" of Spiritualism, and denounced it, saying, "This is not," knowing nothing whereof they spoke.

Spiritualism can not be investigated in a spirit of arrogant domination and ambitious self-conceit; the person who approaches the subject in such a frame of mind, as Emerson says, "he is weak; he blows with his lips against the tempest, he damps the incoming ocean with his cane."

Spiritualism is the science of life, here and hereafter, and must be approached with reverence for truth. Spiritualists welcome every movement to investigate the subject which is prompted by desire to gain knowledge of the truth; knowing that thorough, candid investigation always results in extending the knowledge which is to them a divine light illuminating the pathway of progression. Wise denizens of the spirit world are above the reach of earthly patronage. Those who seek their aid must do so in the spirit of humility which characterizes all earnest, conscientious seekers after truth. The shams and follies of the merely intellectual—dwarfs in spirituality—are transparent to their clairvoyant sight, and mortals are esteemed by them for what they are, not what they assume to be; earthly honors have no weight with them unless based on honesty and morality. Every attempt by arrogant mortals to dictate conditions for wise spirits to comply with will meet with ignominious failure; the fools who rush in where angels will not tread—triflers with sacred subjects—will only attract their kindred spirits.

Why should Spiritualists assume the role of propagandists? Sow the seed freely, and if it finds congenial soil it will germinate and bear leaves for the healing of the nations. "Poets may plant and Apollos water; but God alone can give the increase."

Science told us that the passage across the Atlantic without sails was impossible; an obscure visionary made it possible. Material science told us that the Styx could not be crossed, death ends all; from the mouths of babes and sucklings they are confounded. Progressive scientists have demonstrated that the river of death can be crossed and re-crossed, and is but the boundary line between material and spiritual life; that Azrael, the gentle, beneficent angel, unbars the golden gates and ushers us into the celestial regions, where every lofty aspiration may be fulfilled.

Let those who are in darkness study the testimony of their peers, whose doubts have disappeared in the light of knowledge, before they presume to teach those who have progressed out of the blankness of gross materialism.

The *Detroit News* thinks by dragging religion into politics, the effects on business will be the necessity of hanging out such signs as, "Good Protestant Meat," "Fresh Catholic Fish," "Baptist Rye," "Smoke St. Patrick Cigars," "Buy Congregational Sugar," "Use Kelly's Irish Pills," "Wear Methodist Clothing," "Catholic Potatoes," "Irish Lager," "Protestant Tea," etc.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

The Color of the Blood in Man in Health and Disease.

M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

Some months since, like Alexander the Great, I was sighing for some other world to conquer, and it occurred to me I might make a new study of the human blood. So I joined the class of physicians and students, who work under Dr. Heitzmann in his biological laboratory I commenced study. Dr. H. is a German scientist full of love for microscopic research, a genuine Agnostic. I had previously spent some years under his instruction, studying to discover various minute structures of the body not yet well known. Three afternoons each week I went to his laboratory for patient work. I sought each day if possible to get a new specimen of blood for examination. I got them from persons of different ages, ranging from four to seventy-six, some being those in robust health, others being tuberculous, I was struck with the great difference in the shade of color presented, some being of a very rich tint, others very pale. The richest color was in the blood of a girl twenty-six years of age, a graduate of Vassar College, who had the highest anthropometric measurement for respiratory capacity in a class of five hundred girls. Her health was excellent, and she was a hearty eater, consuming considerable animal food, she had rosy cheeks and a cheery disposition. The next highest tint was found in the blood of a woman

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

SPIRITUALISM AS IT IS.

WILLIAM OXLEY.

The demise of W. Stainton Moses, late editor of *Light*, occurring as it did in what is thought to be the prime of life, and by which the career, or life work, of one who occupied a very prominent position in the spiritualistic world of thought and action was cut short, will awaken in many minds questions that have a profound bearing upon the work in which he was engaged, and into which he so heartily entered, counting (metaphorically) "all other things but loss," so that he might gain the knowledge that pertains to the human spirit, in spiritual states and spheres, when emancipated from the physical body.

Did he gain such knowledge, in pursuit of which the best years of his earthly career were spent? Has anyone, now in physical embodiment, attained to such knowledge? If not why not? What is the end in view, on the part of the operator, or operators, who are the prime movers in what we regard as the great spiritual movement of our day and times? That it has been the means of demonstrating beyond doubt or cavil, to thousands of honest and truth-loving men and women, the continuity of so-called personal life, can not be denied; and the importance of this fact can not be overestimated; but beyond this—and here comes in the force of what I wish to put forward in reference thereto—what do we really know concerning the status of the personality, such as we now are conscious of, when it has passed through the process of dissolution, or death?

To my view, the knowledge that the "ego" does survive, and passes into another world or state, is but the alpha—the first letter in the alphabet, which, when formulated, will enable us to learn the language of spirits, apart from matter or material surroundings that in our present state make us conscious of being who and where we are. I am quite aware that hosts of so-called "spirits" have communicated with mortals, in a great variety of modes—materialized forms, ghosts, apparitions, controls, phantasms, etc.; but beyond the fact that they testify to their knowledge of being themselves, and that they are alive, and happy or otherwise as the case may be, what have we, who are alive, and in the same conditions that were theirs, gained in knowledge as to what their state, condition, and world is in reality and actuality?

To the superficial observer it is strange that those who were known to have been Spiritualists in earth life, seem to be either so oblivious of their past that they are forgetful, or that they are so engrossed in their, to them, present life that they have no care for those who are on earth. In any case, known instances to the contrary are the exception and not the rule. Let us hope that our late departed friend, "M. A. (Oxon)," will form one of the exceptions, and come and tell us of his views of the life beyond. But here would come again the question of identity which is proving so troublesome and unsatisfactory. Supposing he could "come back" and communicate something, what criterion have we by which to test the veracity of what purports to come from disembodied human beings? In what form, figure, and make-up does the liberated human spirit have its self-consciousness? The testimony of clairvoyants seems to agree in describing the spiritual form as being like, in shape and configuration, the structural organism that it emerges from. But is this the real and permanent form and shape of a disembodied human being? To all my interrogatories, addressed to speaking materialized spirits, controls, etc., the answers have been so equivocal and unsatisfactory that such a class of evidence is of little value.

It would be strange indeed in these times of intellectual activity and discoveries in every domain of science—so far as nature is concerned—and which discoveries have brought to light the action of laws the operation of which is now well known, if such a result did not awaken into activity the desire to know something of the laws that operate in the domain of psychical science; for most assuredly it must now be recognized as a science with a philosophy, and dealt with accordingly. The present state of human mentality—as we note its development among the nations of Christendom—supplies the conditions for a patient study and research, commencing with the phenomena so abundantly supplied and tabulated in the indefinite number and variety found in Spiritualistic records.

What does it all mean? is frequently heard from many who, satisfied as to the genuineness of psychic phenomena, are sure there must be something underlying, which is awaiting the man, or men, qualified to speak with as much authority as the adept in any given branch of natural science. An attempt in this direction has been made by the Theosophical school of thought, and its founder, the late H. P. Blavatsky, has published several recondite works, in which the present and future destiny of man is claimed to be set forth as the result of the labors of many generations of certain "wise men of the East," and for whom the lady in question was the reputed mouthpiece.

But all behind Madam Blavatsky is an unknown quantity—and forever likely to remain so—and all that is given out rests upon nothing more solid than assumption, or assertion; and as to proof none is given, or attempted to be given. The absence of this is fatal to its value in the eyes of those who are looking for proof and demonstration as a solution of the question, "If a man die shall he live again? If so, where, how, and in what condition?" With the words used in a recent letter to myself by "M. A. (Oxon)," "Theosophy is a hallucination," I cordially agree, and after looking carefully into what is intended to be palmed off as truth, I find the whole fabric vanishes into thin air. For instance, the re-incarnation theory, the seven (arithmetical quantities) so-called principles of which the human being is composed, and which at death are dismembered, part going with the ego, and the rest forming a shell, *debris*, floating about in space; which shells, spooks, or what not are said by Theosophists to be the operators in the spiritualistic seance-rooms. The *un*-philosophy, not to say absurdity, of such teachings is too patent not to be detected at once by the student of the laws of life and the searcher for pure truth. We are already in possession of the first principles of psychic and spiritual science, as enunciated by Emmanuel Swedenborg (I do not speak of his theology, which to the progressed scientist and philosopher of spirit is obsolete) his propositions being that "Man is a recipient of life;" that his life is sustained by continuous influx; and that all things in outer nature are "correspondences," or re-presentations in objective form of spiritual verities, and from which they derive their form; in short, all things on the earth, within and under the earth, are effects, and the science of spirit, or life, unfolds and brings to view the causes of which they are the effects: A thorough and patient study of these laws will be found sufficient to unfold what are the mysteries—as yet—pertaining to the world of spirit and its inhabitants.

Forty years of psychic phenomena, which have been so multifarious in expression, undoubtedly have resulted in redeeming this extraordinary outworking of hitherto unknown power from the easy-going charge of "superstition," which is now exploded by strict "scientific" methods and research. But *facts* are scientific, and the tabulation of these affords the means whereby a new domain of "science" is

opened up of far more importance, in the long run, than the scientist of outward nature is at present willing to grant. What I refer to may be gathered from a paper by Professor Huxley on "The Decline of Biblicality" (see *Popular Science Monthly* for September), in which he says, *inter alia*: "The extant forms of supernaturalism have deep roots in human nature, and will undoubtedly die hard, but in these latter days they have to cope with an enemy whose full strength is only just beginning to be put out, and whose forces gathering strength year by year, are hemming them round on every side. This enemy is science, in the acceptance of systematized natural knowledge, the worth of which is confirmed by daily appeal to nature, to every region in which the supernatural has hitherto been recognized."

Such is the gospel of materialistic science as propounded by one of its most brilliant advocates and exponents. But if such a gospel were to be generally accepted it would result in negation and know-nothingism, so far as the real constitution of man is concerned. What is nature, to which the learned professor appeals as confirmatory of his doctrine, other than the external manifestation of spirit? It will require a wiser man than the professor to define what nature really is. Nature is what it is by virtue of containing an inner principle which we term spirit, and from which it can not be dissociated. In fewest words, one is the internal and the other the external of the same thing.

The true scientist *knows* that there can be no antagonism between physical and psychical science, and I am bold to affirm that the knowledge of the physical—so far as causation is concerned—is unattainable without a knowledge of the psychical; for in the latter domain we can deal with causes of which outer nature, in the infinitude of its manifestation, is the phenomenal expression. As spiritual scientists we decline to admit the materialistic definition of the term nature; and we affirm that the psychic part of the human being is as natural, while in embodied conditions, as the denser parts which are classed as material or natural, notwithstanding the dogmatic assertions of the materialistic scientific school of thought to the contrary.

The true knowledge as to who and what man is, is not attained by the mere study of biology, physiology, anthropology, and other ologies of the kind; for the human principle of life can not be dealt with by such sciences. To attain this knowledge must be by other modes; and the question of questions is now awaiting solution. Will it ever be solved? It is within reach, by the exercise of the human mind, and by researches into the domain of the psychical and spiritual?

To this all-important question I modestly but emphatically respond in the affirmative.

Higher Broughton, Manchester, October 1, 1892.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

SOME WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY E. D. BABBITT, M. D.

If we study great and wonderful things, our minds grow larger and our conceptions become more exalted. A bug considers its little mud-ball its world, an eagle can take in a whole landscape at a glance, a grottoing human being, although his eyes may be earthward and moneypward, can grasp and control many landscapes; an enlightened human being can measure the earth and launch out into the starry heavens while there are beings of archangelic grandeur, who can embrace a universe of worlds of celestial splendor, which are a thousand times beyond the conception of any unascended human being.

Our sun, which is 1,800,000 times the size of that mustard seed, called the earth, is one of the stars of the Milky Way, which, according to Herschel, are about twenty millions in number. But these stars are all suns, some of them thousands of times as large as our own.

But the Milky Way is only one of the multitudinous clusters of stars which constitute the external universe, some of which, are so distant that, according to Herschel, light, which moves 186,000 miles a second, would require two million years to reach us. Even this vast distance may take us only into the beginning of the mighty whole. But our orthodox friends think that one being, named Jesus, fills these realms of infinity and is the co-equal with God.

Astronomers tell us that all the principal bodies of the solar system move around the parent orb from west to east, and also revolve on their axes from west to east. But the sun itself moves on its own axes from west to east, and is moving onward through space around some mightier centre from west to east. Does not this go to prove that all the planets have been eliminated from the sun? If they had not come from the sun, how could they have acquired the motions of the sun, both axial and orbital?

Again, all the infinite hosts of heaven constitute a grand cavalcade, which, as a whole, is moving from west to east around a sublime centre of centres, for we know that all organized existence, every leaf, flower, tree, and world works in connection with some central power, some controlling force, without which chaos would reign. The central force of the universe must be the culmination of intelligence and spiritual power, as well as of material combinations. The mightiest minds, who, from this sublime height of being, act with a divine unity to organize and control the almost infinite grades of intellectual and material existences below them, and also possess that diversity, which gives the universe its infinite richness and fullness.

But Herbert Spencer says the universe being absolutely infinite in extent, can have no circumference and no centre. According to this idea, then, the universe can have no organic unity as a whole, and at some future time, some mightier system of worlds may come dashing against our solar system and grind us all to powder. According to this theory there can be no divine wisdom at the central realm of being to guide the progress of all worlds.

I see this conception has been adopted by my friend, Judge Hammond, in his review of my articles. He says: "The doctor's mind revolts at the idea that the universe has always been substantially as it is now, and says the universe is expanding. As the universe means all, the whole of everything, how can there be any more of it? Can something be made out of nothing? This is an exploded idea, except to a few belated creeds." But these platitudes concerning the universe could have been entirely escaped by the judge if he had only considered what I really said. When I speak of this subject I speak of the formulated or real universe, and not of the infinite depths of space that may lie beyond the realm of developed worlds. That the developed universe has its bounds, to me seems a certainty, not only because very high angelic wisdom constantly tells me so, but because the universal principle of things argues in its favor. First, it is the law of everything to progress, expand, and evolve into greater perfection and power. Secondly, the universe acts as an organic whole, and this being the case, it must have its centre of power and its circumference. What a sublime and cheering thought that the growth and progress of things is absolutely infinite in its duration, and that the most God-like and mighty beings whose growth may count by millions; yes, even by billions of years, can find a universe vast enough and progressive enough to suit their grandest aspiration and possibilities. Would it not be a fearful thought if the universe had reached its ultimatum, in its dimensions, "so that there can be no more matter and mind, or less." All is progression, not retrogression. When moons or planets become dead, or

in other words, *so*, their progression is going forward as truly as when they were inhabited, for their particles are constantly being eliminated into space, and forming into that nebulous substance, which, at some future time, will develop into a higher grade of worlds.

There are two other points or conclusions to which my friend, Judge Hammond, has come, which seems to me disastrous and distressing. In the first place he seems to think there is no proof of individual immortality, and he exclaims, "Who knows anything about it?" I will mention a single point which should be an overwhelming thing in proof of human immortality, namely, the fact that human beings can survive beyond this earthly life. If we can outline this course, weak, putrefactive, and perishable earthly grade of matter, if as a thousand spirits tell us, there is no record of a single human being who has failed to reach the spirit life, how irresistible is the conclusion that a higher life, immortality becomes vastly more uncertain. Psychic elements never decay, or putrefy, and it is absurd to say that the psychic body is in danger of destruction. Only coarse elements are thus perishable. Electricities, sunbeams, and ethers are incorruptible. It is distressing for Spiritualists every now and then to rise up and say there is no proof of immortality. It is the best way to play into the hands of Materialists and enemies of the cause, for they will scoff at us, and say that even Spiritualists admit that their one great claim of immortality has not been proved.

The other point which I would notice is, in which the judge seems to revive the old Brahminical doctrine that we are to rise into more and more spiritual refinement until finally we become blended with and lost in the infinite soul. He speaks of the oneness "in the advancing life of love, until like uniting rivers, they flow together into the infinite life as the large rivers into the sea." Then he exclaims, "is not this a most glorious consummation for the children of men?" No, it is a fearful and revolting thought. To flow together as the "rivers into the sea," is to lose our identity and individuality.

Diversity is just as important a principle as unity, and individual freedom as necessary as centralization and law. Every beautiful and perfect object in the world consists of unity and diversity combined, and the greater the amount of both the more complete is the combination. When a planet sweeps around the sun the more powerful the centrifugal force is, the more powerful must the centripetal force be to have harmony. So is it with human beings. The more complete the development in the highest celestial realms of which we have any knowledge, the more beautiful and blending is the love element on one side the more powerful and free is the element of individuality on the other side. I can hardly think that the judge really means what his language would indicate; namely, that human beings are to blend so closely together in the "infinite life" as to lose their identity and their grand individuality.

New York College of Magnetism.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

A SPIRITUAL CENTRE DEVELOPING.

JUDGE A. HAMMOND.

With great pleasure I will give some account of Mrs. Mary Tabor's very interesting work at this place. She is a lady of fine presence, and is bright, cheerful, and accomplished. Her guides enable her to give intelligent, truthful, and convincing proofs of her mission. Her husband is an intelligent gentleman who knows how, on this side, to protect his gifted wife and promote the best interest of our glorious cause. The city of Hot Springs is very much blessed in their coming. They came as strangers, but many friends greet them now and rejoice in this good work, with grateful hearts to angel friends.

At my first sitting I did not give my name, and I am satisfied that she knew nothing of my relatives and friends, and yet my life seemed like an open book to her. At first she said I "had many more friends on the other side than on this," which I thought might be quite true since I became a Spiritualist. I asked no questions, nor made suggestions, simply wishing her to tell me what was disclosed to her. Then she told me of a loving wife and daughter that passed over together under painful circumstances many years ago in Illinois, of my guardian uncle and his name, who was killed by an accident, when I was a child, in Ohio—the names of early school-mates and gave descriptions of them. Some, she said, had recently passed over, though this I did not know, so it could not be mind-reading; of two college class-mates by the name of Wilson, who were brothers, and that one died soon after leaving college (Western Reserve, then at Hudson, Ohio); and the other only recently, though this I did not certainly know. She gave so good a description and their first names, that I readily recognized them. The last was a D. D., who had declined to answer a letter I wrote him, touching on Spiritualism, years ago. But now his eyes are open and he came to confess his change of mind and heart. She also told me of many other persons and things that I shall not have space to relate. All of which were as true as life itself, at least, so far as I know. But what was of great interest in a subsequent seance was like likeness of four friends, drawn on the inside of folded slates and without pencil or pigments, for there were two messages with them in different colors. The slates were perfectly clean and held in my lap with one hand upon them during the seance, the medium being almost eight feet from them all the time. There were several persons present at this seance, and when the slates were opened the four pictures were clearly seen—all beautifully drawn, and the white border around them looked more like silver than pencil marks, and I have the pictures before me now.

Now comes the surprise that I want all the graduates and friends of old Western Reserve College to know. The first was that of Rev. George E. Pierce, D. D., who was for a long time an able and loved president of that college, where I was a student in his time, from '44 to '48. He was an eminent Presbyterian divine on this side, but as a noble and truth-loving man he has grown into the brighter light and love of heaven. The next likeness was that of his noble and blessed wife, whom the students loved like a mother (may they both be everlastingly blessed), both of whom I had not seen for over forty years. The next was of a dear sister who died several years ago in Iowa. The fourth was that of a loved and deceased wife of the gentleman living in my home here. She died about three years ago, in my home. Her husband, who is an elder in the Second Advent Church, was present at this seance, and I am permitted to give his name which is Elder John F. Harmon. This likeness of his wife and many other facts obtained in other seances was too much for his old opinions, and in the frankness and honesty of his heart he said "I gave it up." Since then his present wife and others in our home circle have proved to be good mediums. This is a shower of blessings as unexpected as it is joyful.

I hope it will not tax the credulity of any if I say that John Wesley, the founder of the great Methodist Church, has given me several messages with his name and all in the same hand. One was on the inside of the folded slates on which were the likeness of President Pierce and others. If one is known by the company he keeps, then we have good ground for confidence in his messages, aside from the work of the messages themselves. As they are personal, I will not give them here.

One from Henry Beecher I must give. It is in his well-known hand, and the signature is like his which I have often seen. This is the message and it may be interesting to the Church, and some would be missionaries:

If you can not cross the ocean and the heathen lands to explore, you can find the heathen nearer—you can help them at your door.

The "Ward" part of the name seemed to have been left out for want of room on the slate, or he may think there is too much dignity in his full name for a social circle. I would commend the above message to our missionary friends who seem desirous of carrying to a better people an old faith that is dying at home.

Now comes a highly interesting proof of spirit-presence, and I must give it even under the suspicion that this article may become too long. There were ten persons present, of which number the writer was one. Several were recent visitors here who had never been in a circle before. Clean double slates were given to most in the circle, and the medium, Mr. Tabor, sat at a little distance from all in the circle. After the seance closed the slates were opened and on several of the messages were found, and in different colors. No pencil or anything else having been placed between any pair.

But the only message I can give now purposed to come from a young lady by the name of Sidney Lansing, who recently passed over from this city. She had had some premonition of her coming change and nearly at dawn one morning, feeling that her time had come, she "screamed" for her mother, who, hearing her, hastened to her side, but consciousness had left her before her mother arrived.

The beauty of the proof is here: Not one of the circle knew anything whatever of the lady or her name, or the circumstances of her death. Of this I am fully satisfied from many inquiries. The following is the beautiful message written between folding-slates. And the likenesses of her father and herself were drawn within the same slates, so she claimed. Her father died several years ago. This is the message I copied from the slates on which it was first written:

When I received the summons
From my father's home on high.
It was just before the dawning,
And no earthly friends were nigh.
In my sleep there came a vision
Of a place I'd never seen.
And the beauties, how resplendent!
Oh! How happy each one seemed.
Near the gateway of the palace
I could see a shining stream—
Saw the angels crossing o'er—
Twas then my mother heard my scream.
But before my mother reached me
Friends from the other shore
Opened wide their arms to greet me,
Saying, Sidney, welcome evermore.
Then I heard sweet angel voices
Singing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee,"
Till we'd crossed the silent waters—
Had passed beyond the mystic sea—
Nearer to my God, still nearer.
Was the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Till we'd passed beyond the portals
And had gained our entrance there.

In a note below she wished the above message sent to her mother, who was living in the city; but, as we were wholly in the dark in regard to the facts, we had to wait for light. It came the next day, when a gentleman, well acquainted in the city, called upon Mrs. Tabor, and when I was present. The slates were showed to him and he at once recognized the likeness of the young lady and said he knew her and her family, and that the name and circumstances of her death were all correct and true. The mother, was found and she and her near friends confirmed all the particulars, so far as known on this side. This is a strong, clear, and well-proved case of spirit communion, and where there can be no ground for suspicion of fraud or collusion.

I might stop here, but I want to add another manifestation dear to a father's heart. When my wife passed over, our infant daughter went with her, my only child. When she grew in years she frequently came to me with garlands of flowers. Though she is now grown to womanhood I still call her my little daughter.

When in a seance I am something like the Christian at the foot of the cross. I do not know as I shall get any notice at all, nor from whom. I simply wait for what my spirit friends can or think best to disclose to me. Thus I sat at a seance recently with Mrs. Tabor. Folding-slates, that I know were washed clean, were placed on a table before us, and in the light. Soon we held them up; the medium holding one end and I the other. And we heard and felt the work going on within. When done the slates were opened, and behold there was a large and beautiful bouquet covering nearly one side of the slate. The flowers were crimson and gold, some in full bloom and others opening buds (such flowers as I had never seen before), and the leaves pale green. The work was exquisitely done and in a few minutes' time. Such work as I think no artist on this side can equal, even in many hours. Underneath were written in a clear and legible hand, these words:</p

Spirit Message Department

OUR FREE CIRCLE.

Every Tuesday Afternoon.

At Douglass Hall, corner Walnut and Sixth Streets. Doors open at 7 p.m. Seances begin at 8 p.m. No payment after services have begun. Questions to be answered from the seance room will be received upon these conditions: They must be germane to Spiritualism. 2. Most contain one enquiry only. 3. All personalities must be avoided. 4. The name of the questioner must be attached. 5. All communications concerning this department and questions from abroad must be addressed to C. G. GOURNAY, Room 208, Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

REPORT OF SEANCE.

Tuesday, November 8, 1892.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTION.—What is the spiritual condition and situation of a family after its members enter into spiritual life? Is there invariably a union taking up the same relationship as on earth?

ANSWER.—No, friends, not always. For many of you today are dwelling in families where there is no congenial feeling. Those happily related when called to enter, living in peace and happiness, will be a united family on the spirit side of life; but those who do not mingle, or live in discord here, cannot be together there.

I can feel a question from the audience in this way: What are the spheres of spiritual life? I will say that though sitting together, many of you are in different spheres. A sphere is considered the education and knowledge you have. If you are fully developed, spiritually, you have attained a high sphere, and it surrounds you no matter where you stand. Your brother may be far down in the scale, but he is filling his sphere, and he must strive to come up to you, for you cannot go down to him, although the same roof may cover you. In your business relationship, as well as spiritual or intellectual, you are living with them, and there is no dividing line. You are on the same earth, in the same business, and in the same house, and so mingle together as families, yet may be in different spheres; but on the spiritual side of life you still hold that sphere, and if happy you will be united. If not you will likely seek some spirit with whom you can be happy. I have seen divided families on the spirit side of life. The law which binds you together here, does not pass away in the spirit life, but sometimes a spirit will understand better the cause of some of the trials which it has to undergo on the earth plane, and will understand what prompts such and such acts which have been so distressing to him. And, possibly, he may be able to break down those things which caused persons to live in discord here. Have you noticed that the best fathers and mothers have sometimes the most wayward children? It is not because they have set a bad example. They have tried the best they could to teach their offspring, but instead have caused the gray-haired parents to go down to the grave in sorrow. In the spiritual world such will not meet their parents, but must go where they belong, and will be obliged to work their way up. I know of a good, blessed spirit here who waited for a long time before he sought progression for himself. He remained until he had his loved ones around him with as much knowledge as he had before he sought any higher knowledge.

There are many changes. You grow out from one condition into another, and, as your spirit wants more knowledge, it is given. No man needs stand still either in this world or the spirit world, for there are spirits ever ready to aid you. Many spirits reach down and draw you to them with their love and fellowship. In the spirit world all are friends; you can have no enemies there. If you have been at enmity with each other here, you will try to undo the wrongs and seek some avenue to reach those on earth with whom you had difficulties. You all enter into and receive that which you have earned. You are all making for yourself an inheritance on the spiritual side of life, which will be meted out to you according to deserts.

QUESTION.—Is irritability due to limitations of spirit?

ANSWER.—Not always. We become very irritable sometimes because of conditions which surround us. The more sensitive the more irritable. For instance, if I place a very sensitive person in a crowd of rough, non-sensitive people, he becomes irritable and immediately desires to leave. Sometimes it is physical irritability and not spiritual. If you are not spiritually developed, you will find things which annoy you, which will not do so after you become developed. Yet I have seen highly spiritual people become very irritable because of their surroundings. Irritability is not always due to bad dispositions. You can take a person of cold temperament and place him with one harsh and quick of temper, and by and by he will become irritable. No, it is not on account of lack of spirituality. One has as much spirituality as another, but you must develop it, and you will find those things which are hard to bear to-day will be overcome.

Now, I have to smile at the thoughts of one in the audience. It is this: Are all spirits saints? No; far from it. They get angry as soon as some others, and I am often ashamed to see how little they practice what they teach. If you look at yourself, and try to overcome your own deficiencies, you will find yourself becoming less irritable, and those around you will be, as it were, magnetized or hypnotized, and you will become the one to allay instead of exciting irritability. Nervous persons do not understand why they are nervous, and feel as though at times they would fly to pieces, then they cry out and say, why is this? Sometimes it is because there are one or two in that human life who will not mingle, and they repel each other, and thus become irritable. This is not because of the physical. It may be for other reasons, and I would therefore advise them to go to a medium to have it cleared up. You do not know what surrounds you and what influences come to you day by day and are trying to lift you up and out of difficulty. Sometimes you are over-anxious and destroy the conditions yourself. The spirit stands there and understands what to do, and so I would advise you to make a confidante of some kind friend, crave his advice, and the spirit world will help you. It is not a lack of spirituality, but only a misunderstood condition.

Sometimes two sit together who ought not to do so. Both may be in the right, they do not understand each other, and friends, if you would only try to overcome, and ask the higher influences to guide you, the outcome will be bright, beautiful and peaceful.

QUESTION.—We are taught from the spirit side that if we would find happiness and peace of mind and conscience, and avoid many troubles of life, we must live in accordance with higher laws of being. What are those higher laws of being?

ANSWER.—Each man and woman before me to-day understands that the highest law of being is that which is right. You all know right from wrong, and if you would but make a resolution in the morning to do that which you know to be right during the day, and ask the higher influences to guide you to the higher condition where you could understand more of self and of the influences which surround you; that you may know and feel every hour of the day that you are doing something to benefit yourself and neighbor and your loved ones; live up to the divine principles within you, so when you enter into the closet at night and examine yourself, you will feel happier and be at peace with God. There is no higher principle on earth than doing that which is right for

right's sake. And, my friends, I am happy to follow this maxim.

You must do away with selfishness if you want to live right, have happiness in this world, and a joyful entrance in the world beyond. You must live right every day for right's sake and not for fear of something in the after life. If you have had a smooth experience without trouble and sorrow in this life, you would be satisfied to sit down and not strive at all. Our experiences are our education. Every man who has passed through sorrow feels for another who has had the same, and those who have lost loved ones feel for others who also have had losses. If you can only lead that Christ life they talk about so much in the Church and can do good for those that do evil unto you, then you are living up to your highest; this will elevate you, and your face will reflect that which is within. Men will come to you and ask the whys and wherefore, and as you tell them of this conquering of self and how you have grown up spiritually and are to day enjoying this life and know you will enjoy the life beyond, you will feel that you have reached that goal you have been seeking for many years. You can have heaven here and need not wait, and at the same time can enjoy this life.

QUESTION.—Is not the doctrine of purgatory true in some respects.

ANSWER.—Yes; the doctrine of purgatory, as I understand it, is progression after death, and progression is eternal. There is no standstill here or hereafter. The word purgatory belongs to the Catholic Church. They teach that where a man dies without repenting, and is not prepared to enter heaven, he will go to an intermediate place called purgatory, and there he will stay until he is ready to enter heaven.

Friends, not one of you will enter spirit life perfect. I have been in spirit life twenty-five years, and I am still a scholar. I am thankful for every kind thought sent to me from the world side. I am glad to come to this world side and take a woman for my mouthpiece, that others may know that there is no such a place as the heaven as they have been taught of. There is no great white throne and a God sitting upon it. Heaven is a place where every one may enter and be happy; it is a place where all spirits work, not only for self, but for the benefit of others. Legions of spirits come to your earth daily; trying to turn some from their evil ways. If you ask me if every spirit is at rest, I would answer no. If a man has done that which he feels and understands to be wrong he will try to right that wrong. If he has taught a doctrine which is wrong he will hasten back to influence some one to teach mortals the better way instead. When some pass out of this life without having time to say "I am sorry, and would do better if I could," do you suppose they are satisfied to stay away from you? Nay, they will return and try to whisper in your ear and tell you how sorry they are they did not do better. But, friends, there is not a soul lost. They may enter uneducated spiritually, but they are bound to rise somehow, and they will enter into the fullness of their inheritance, although it may take them ages to earn that which is their birthright, but still they can not receive any more than they have earned, and that is why I come to tell you all these truths. I taught a different doctrine. I said that our Father had chosen children, some who would have an inheritance, and some who would be cut off. I considered myself one of the elect, but when I entered the spirit world I saw myself as I was, and my brother far above me whom I supposed would be in the depths of hell. And friends, what did I do? I returned to earth plane and sought an instrument, and twelve years ago in the State of New York took possession of this one, and have been with her ever since. There is none chosen; each earns all he receives. You must live right; you must think right; you must recognize a brotherhood; you must understand the different principles within you, and as you seek so shall you find, and as you knock at the door of knowledge it shall be opened unto you, and the sooner you begin to work the better it is for each and every one of you.

QUESTION.—The brain of mankind is reputed to be the seat of thought and action. Is it? or is thinking and action an invisible force separated from all animal matter?

ANSWER.—Thought is a spiritual essence, I might say. Your mind has naught to do with your thought. When you die, as you call it, or separated with this house, and it is put upon the table for dissection, they will find every part of the brain complete, but you are gone; that which thought and acted is gone. That is the spiritual part. We can not analyze thought to you; it would be an utter impossibility. It is one of the infinite somethings, the same as the life-principle. Who understands the meaning of the word of life? Can any of you define it? Even in this flower can you tell what life is? Thought is something that works and works and does its work. You throw out from you to-day a thought and it enters may be a mind of some one in a distant place. If it were not spirit it could not enter there. You sit here to-day and think out some great problem, and while you are thinking it out some spirit standing beside you is throwing upon your mind thought after thought to help you until by-and-by there is a great and grand invention. Do you claim it all for yourself? No, that spirit beside you brings this to you and gives it to you to help you, so that you may put it before others, or into form. This table is an expression of thought. You are an expression of thought, and we on the spiritual side of life converse by thought, and know immediately when we are in contact with one another what is passing in the mind. We converse in thought. Sometimes when returning to earth we are repelled and sent away, but we come again and again, and impress the thought for this effect upon you. Thought is spiritual, and not of the physical or animal.

QUESTION.—What is a good definition of the expression "The Fatherhood of God?"

ANSWER.—Friends, God is not a person, as has been taught you, but is spirit. You may call it God, or Good, Force, or what you please, but it is that of which each one of you are a part. Everyone of you are a part of a universal whole—a part of God. You have within you the divine principle, and these flowers are a part of God. The best definition is: That God being universal Spirit, and you a part of it. He must be the very soul or very spirit of all, therefore your Father, for if his spirit existed before you, and you are a part of it, then he is your parent. You are the expressed thought of God; you are expressed as men and women. The expressed thought of God in the flower, is the life of the flower. God is life, and the mother earth is the substance with which the material body is made up. So you have a father and mother; the earth is your mother and Spirit or God your father.

MESSAGES.

L. Leonard.

An elderly gentleman says he would like the permission of the chairlady to talk a little while. "I came a great distance to talk. I was a Spiritualist, and have been on the spirit side of life quite a little while, and I feel glad that I did understand a little about the spirit world before I entered there. I am anxious to send my love to those who are near and dear to me in a distant place. I want them to know that father still holds an interest in them and all that which concerns them in earth life. I want them to know that we are joined together, the five loved ones, and that we send every day our love to them. We are with them a great part of time. I want you to send this message to my loved ones. My name is Levy Leonard, of New York State. I lived there many years. I send my love to my wife and children."

Robert O. Wheat.

This spirit is dressed in a gray uniform, and says "I come this afternoon that I may send my love to my loved ones. I have many on the earth plane, and I know they have often wondered what has become of the colonel. Why, friends, I am just as much alive as I ever was. Although I did that which some of you condemn, yet I did it with the full conviction that I was doing that which was right, for the South, to me, was my home, and I loved it, and I felt we had our rights as well as you in the North, but I now view these things quite differently, and I love you quite as well as I do the Southerners, but my loved ones are in the South. I was Robert Wheat, of Wheeling, West Virginia.

Henry Spencer.

I am here this afternoon that I may prove to you the continuance of life. I did not pass away from this city, and did not belong to this city. I passed away from Wood County, Indiana. I have loved ones there and desire that they shall know that I live and still have interest in them. O, my friends, if you could only understand the closeness of the spirit world to your own, how they watch you, they understand your thoughts and look down deep underneath them and know you just as you are, and I want my loved ones to know that I know them just as they are, and I send my love to them.

Albert C. Gray.

Good afternoon, friends: I am glad to be here. I do not belong to this part of the State, but to Carrollton, O. I have come this afternoon with two other loved ones that we may see just how we can approach nearer to this earth plane and send messages to our loved ones. Now, when I say approach nearer, I do not mean I have never approached my loved ones, but we desire to draw closer to them. I desire to send my love to my wife, Catherine, and I want her to know I live. I do not desire that she shall grieve for me. I want my son William to know his father is happy.

Margaret Smith.

I come to a loved one here in this audience. I want her to know I am with her every day and see the conditions which surround her. All things will be better in a little time. I know that mother and brother and I all are trying to do all we can to help you, and the guides which surround you are doing all they can for you. All things will be made clear, and those conditions which are so annoying will pass away. Accept the love of seven. I am from Philadelphia.

Frank Evans.

I am so happy to-day that I can not express myself. I will give you another communication in a short time, my dear wife. Fear not, the boys will come out all right, and although you can not understand why they can not see as you do, yet in a little time they will know more about it. They are kind of investigating on the sly. I send my love to you and also to the loved ones at a distance. Remember I am with you.

Charles C. Wright.

I am going so far away, it seems over mountains and hills with this spirit. He says: "I passed out in a far distant place, but am anxious the loved ones here shall know that I was with them immediately after. I passed out in Nebraska, but I count four loved ones here. I lived there and I once lived here, and whilst I passed away from you I was almost immediately with you in spirit. Do not grieve; it is so much better so. I could not have enjoyed life here, but I am now free from all pain and sorrow. This is sent to my one brother and two sisters."

William Stewart.

I am here this afternoon with all our loved one, and there is a young man who says: "Mother, I am so happy to see you have complied with my request." There is nothing in the world gives us more pleasure than to know that we can return to our loved ones, and it will be but to-morrow when we will be an unbroken family on the spirit side of life. O, if you could only have understood a little more, but I have only myself to blame. Now I know you are right, mother, and father, and I am rejoicing this afternoon, for we are both happy. I did not do that which caused me much sorrow, and I tried to live as near right as I could, but still I am happy. Give my love to brother and sister, and tell them I am often with them.

Henry R. Noble.

This man approaches me, and I see him. He is about five feet seven in height, and I would call him a well-built man. He is about 175 pounds in weight; his forehead is high, his hair to me was always a light shade of brown. It is somewhat gray. He has a mustache and side whiskers; cheek bone prominent, chin square, and the shoulders are also square. "I don't know why I am here, but I desire to speak a few words and send a message. Some in this room know me. How little we understand others in earth life, and how little we understand others. It has always been a question with me whether I was or was not, but I believe I am. How queer I feel this afternoon. I don't know but it is all right for me to come here, but I feel if my mother were to see me she would think it strange that I should come. Now, my mother is on the spirit side of life, too, and might have come much easier than I. I am desirous that Rebecca and Anna should know that I live. I do not find it as I thought—that when I was gone I was gone, but when I passed to the spirit life I found I was more alive than ever and couldn't die, and so I come here this afternoon to give you these remarks. They always did think I was odd; I suppose I am. I understand now that I shall have to live a long time before I know anything about the spirit world. I know a good deal, but it doesn't count much over here. I came from Portland, Maine, I have been in your city, but did not live here. The friends I desire to send my love to are in Portland, Maine."

William Flannigan.

I am glad to come here this afternoon and voice my love for those dear to me in the earth life. I little understood this. I could not comprehend how spirit could return, but still I do return and bring my love to those who love me. I will come oftentimes to you, and will give to you that which will be of great joy, and show myself to you ere long.

James W. Sluter.

"I am glad to be here. I am happy and contented. I have the two children with me. O, how often I am near you. Do not sit in that chair and cry. I want you to rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for all things are well with me, and I do not see any cause for such great sorrow. I am with you every day.

Edgar Burdsall.

"I am glad to come here this afternoon and testify to the continuance of life. I was taught differently, but I can return." As this man speaks to me I see a wreath of flowers, and that wreath now forms a heart, and he says: "How beautiful and how grand it is, and if you could hear the music as I hear it, you would rejoice and be exceedingly glad. I am from this city."

Elizabeth Ferguson.

O, how glad I am to come. None can tell the joy it gives me to come again to this earth life and speak, as it were. O,

I would that my loved ones were here, but will send my love message to them that they may know that I live and love them still. My daughter, Matilda, lives in Kansas City, and her last name is Cole. I would like to send my love to her. Tell her her mother, Elizabeth Ferguson, was here this afternoon.

Archie McConky.

Well, how strange; here I am, come to express my joy. How strange that after teaching for many years, teaching as I understand the Scripture, I should come into this audience and speak to you through the lips of a woman. I was a Methodist minister. I tried to teach as I understood, and I was very happy indeed in my way of thinking. But I want all of you to know that whilst I was happy in my thinking and teaching, I made mistakes. One of the greatest mistakes was the thought of an inactive heaven. I considered we worked our work here and were at rest in heaven. No, friends, I am at rest in one way, but O, how my soul travels. Friends, you will find work on the spirit side of life. But I did not come to preach, I have come that I might send a message of love to my loved ones in Dewitt, Ill. I want you to put in your paper my message to my loved ones, and tell them that I live; that the father that loved them loves them still. Tell them that again I will speak to them through the lips of a medium. Tell them that before the snow shall whiten the earth they shall have another message from him.

Caroline Roth.

I want to give my love this afternoon to one dear to me in this room. I want her to know that I am with her every day, and I want her to understand that I am helping her on the way. Oh my! how many changes since I passed over. I scarce can understand it myself, but still I love you and stay with you every day. I have been at the home since the change, and know how you feel, but never mind, all things are growing brighter and better, and by-and-by you will see a different pathway. (From Kate's own voice). Tell them Kate is here too.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

WHAT NEXT?

P. F. DE GOURNAY.

The *Revue Spirite* reproduces an article from the Paris journal *L'Evenement*, giving an account of some remarkable experiments which were made recently by Colonel de Rochas. So wonderful were the results obtained that he who denies who deny the genuineness of the simplest phenomenon of Spiritualism would certainly raise the cry of fraud or hallucination were it not that Colonel de Rochas' personality imposes respect and confidence. He is a scientist of the highest order and fills the very honorable and responsible post of director (provost, I think it would be called here) of the Polytechnic School, the first military institution of France, the nursery, so to speak, of the French army, whence have sprung its most brilliant officers.

Colonel de Rochas has given much attention to the study of animal magnetism and he wished to find out whether the vital fluid of one who is in the magnetic sleep was sensible to the touch outside of the body. This question he has solved in the affirmative. He found the body of the mesmerized subject environed by zones of sensitiveness—something like the sand-waves or the ripples around a pebble that is thrown into the water. In other words, he has discovered that

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CINCINNATI, - - - SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1892.

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We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements or parties whom they have proved to be disreputable or unworthy of action.

With the above in view, The Light of Truth's subscribers are to be charged, our patrons should give us two weeks previous notice and not omit to state their present as well as future address.

Notice of Spiritualists Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Tuesday of each week, as THE LIGHT OF TRUTH goes to press every Wednesday.

Rejected Mail will not be returned without postage accompanying the same—nor preserved beyond thirty days after receipt.

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A SUGGESTION TO OUR FRIENDS.

We think no one will object to the price of the LIGHT OF TRUTH, and of its contents its readers are fully qualified to judge. Believing that such a journal was demanded, and encouraged by the assurance of the spirit world we engaged in its publication.

The numbers thus far issued give an indication of those to follow. We intend that every number shall improve on that which preceded, and if the assistance of the best talents in our ranks and the most careful supervision can do this, we shall not fail.

In this work we ask only one favor, and that is in extending our circulation. We need not tell our friends that only by a large subscription list can the paper be made self-sustaining. It is quite as essential that the paper be circulated as that it be published. When we have made it the best possible with the means at our command, our work ceases and those into whose hands it falls commences. If it pleases its friends, and we hope all its subscribers are friends, the open way for them to assist, and thereby help the cause it represents, is to extend its circulation. There is not a subscriber on our list but can, with slight effort, procure one subscription. We have reduced the price until we can afford to make no further reductions or club rates, and, hence, this work must be a labor of love, and impelled by devotion to the cause and desire for its extension.

HEREDITY vs. SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE.

Perhaps no writer has made deeper impress on his age than Renan. He was a strong, original thinker and illuminated with the truth far in advance of his age. It will take a long time for the Churches to grow to his "Life of Jesus," and "Origin of Christianity." What is most remarkable, and to be commended as a subject of study to the advocates of hereditary descent, is the surroundings and antecedents of his birth. He came of a line of sailors and farmers who for more than 1,500 years had never produced a member above mediocrity, and not one who ever did anything worthy of record. His parents were the poorest of the poor, and so superstitious that when the priest ordered them to burn their dangerous books they burned all they had. He was born and bred in the Catholic Church, and received his education at the hands of its priesthood.

How then, by the causes which actuate ordinary men, can his breaking away from that Church, his educational bias, his early training, and, more than all, his severance from the heredity, which had held his ancestors for thirteen centuries in the beaten path, be accounted for? Is it not evident in his case, and multitudes of similar instances, that the law of heredity yields to a spiritual force entirely its superior? Under the forces of heredity and environment there is little difference in the mentality of the masses. There is superiority, it is true, as there is difference in the waves which beat the shore. At long intervals there is a great tidal wave, the moving force of which is independent of the winds which drive on the lesser billows. It is impelled by attraction from beyond this world's sphere. In like manner, when these colossal characters arise out of a long line of obscurity, is it not evident that a new force is impressed on them for the purpose of making them what they always become, leaders to higher grounds?

The secret of their achievements is that they are sensitive, and are in contact with superior beings and receptive of their thoughts.

THE LATEST PLEA FOR IGNORANCE.

That prince of humbugs, Joseph Cook, has been accusing Prof. Smythe and the liberal wing of the Congregationalist Church of teaching that men who die in their sins might be saved.

It is queer that in the efforts of the Churches to keep abreast of the advanced thought of the day they can not expend time enough to exterminate this nincompoop who persists in obtruding his moon-eyed views upon them. He is the same element in the Church that that curious admixture of numbskullism and whisky-named Mahone was in politics. When the same heating process has been applied to the Boston divine that put a quietus upon the blatant Mahone, a certain corner of the Church will be better off.

The leaven of Spiritualism in its rational ethical branch is permeating the great body of Churchmen, and God is fast assuming a character unlike that obtained in former times. Hell has long since lost its terror for all save those that a tyrannical, impious priesthood imposes upon. And when men stand out boldly for a revision of their creeds that shall conform to the teachings of the angel world, although they may be acting unconsciously of its influence, every feeling of pride in the glory of man to redeem himself from the thrall of slavery and superstition ought to be aroused and extended to them. And it is discouraging to find that men like Joe Cook who know, if they know anything, that the principles of Spiritualism are the substratum of moral and spiritual

regeneration, should persist in stultifying themselves and disgusting their auditors by a recourse to worn-out, exploded doctrines of grace.

It is gratifying to note that Mr. Cook's strictures upon the action of the American Board of Missions in its efforts to create a larger liberality and a broader feeling of humanity, were met and rebuked in exceedingly strong language by one of his brother clergymen, Dr. Quint.

Let the good work go on. By and bye the mental fossils will either wear away or die off, and times will be better.

THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.

Wayne MacVeagh, who was at one time Attorney-General of the United States, is out in an open letter against the evils of pauper immigration. "The swarms of undesirable immigrants who degrade American labor by their competition, and threaten the stability of institutions based on an intelligent love of country," as the letter asserts, are to all men who discern the drift of events, a constant menace. That a system of control or regulation in this paramount matter of immigration demands consideration goes without saying. We are continually opening up our most sacred prerogatives to the attack of an ignorant foreign horde who come here for no purpose other than the overthrow of our institutions, if they know enough to have any purpose at all. It is idle to say that our country is an asylum for the oppressed, and under this principle we must welcome everything that Europe, Asia, or Africa may not want to harbor, and the naturalization laws ought to be revised so that no foreigner may have the right of suffrage until he has been here twenty-one years.

We impose this restriction upon our own sons, and yet we give these barbarians the right to vote when they can not even speak the English language, to say nothing of an understanding of the power they are wielding. This is one of the greatest outrages on American citizenship, and the main point about it is "when will our legislators discard their self-interests long enough to take the matter up and enact a law adequate to the abolition of the evil?"

We gladly extend the hand of fellowship to all industrious, intelligent foreign men and women who want to become a part of our country and its institutions, but this welcome does not necessarily extend to the riff-raff and scum of the planet who have a notion that liberty signifies the exercise of all the animal instincts of man, and this country a cesspool where those instincts may constantly breed crime, filth, debauchery, and war.

THE CHURCH IN AFRICA.

The same old outcome or effect of introducing commercial Christianity into a new country is seen in the recent persecutions attending the propagation of Catholicism in the Victoria Nyanza district of Africa. Thousands of Catholics, Bishop Hirth says, are destined to die or have already been killed, and a long line of deplorable events are recounted in connection therewith.

History is mute upon a single instance where a great crime has not had as its impetus, or its auxiliary, the propaganda of the Roman Church. And with this fact in view the upholders of Christianity tell us its message and mission is one of love and peace. With a history of woe to read from, we are told that by a system of divine hocus-pocus we can interpret the God-like, the noble, and the pure. With our eyes upon a vulture, and our nostrils offended, we are presumed to catch the rustle of a dove's wing and the scent of the lotus. This has ever been the process by which piety smothers honesty and glazes the eye with a glamor of hypocrisy. If the Church would keep out of Africa, the future of its civilization might be a respectable achievement. The needs of progress do not involve the propagation of withered gourds. The path of Christian domination is strewn with the wreckage of all genius. Genius has survived, but not in conformity to the demands or necessities of the Church, and if genius had her own to-day there would be no prisons, asylums, or poor-houses. These are the appendages of Christianity and offend the worst where their progenitor is the most powerful. It will be interesting to the students of ethnology and philology to watch the gradual accession of the Church in Africa, and note the direful effects of substituting for the natural proclivities of progress an unnatural system of religious observances. The outcome will be a repetition of all past experience in attempting to Christianize a new territory.

THE ELECTION.

At this writing the guns of the campaign have ceased their bellowing and the calm judgment of the people is to be exercised which shall determine the policy of the government for the coming four years. There is no field of such unparalleled opportunity for the false prophet as the political field, and to read the predictions of the Isaiahs of the rival parties is enough to turn one's brain. Surely sorrow and disappointment will sit shrouded upon the hopes of many when the result of the contest is known, but however it may turn we may know that the intelligence of the American people has been exercised in the manner which has seemed best. Our great country is safe, for behind all government, above all intrigue and corruption rest the intelligence and will of the people. No such spectacle as an American presidential election is held anywhere else on earth. A revolution such as this country engages in every four years would totter any kingdom of the old world to its fall, and yet 65,000,000 freemen turn over the affairs of government as peacefully as a limpid stream. It is indeed the strongest endorsement of the principle of representative government.

A Seven-Day Fair.

News from Chicago to the effect that the Fair will be kept open on Sundays is refreshing. It is reported that at their next meeting the directors will so declare, and thus open a campaign that is expected to result in the repeal of the Sunday clause tacked on to the Appropriation bill by the last congress. Forty-three of the forty-five men on the board, it is believed, are in favor of an open Sunday.

WHEN Col. Ingersoll was in Chicago lately the good Catholic, Brother Maurelian, went to the Grand Pacific Hotel to call on Bishop Spalding, and by some mistake was shown into the room where Ingersoll was receiving a company of ladies and gentleman. On entering Brother Maurelian inquired if Bishop Spalding was there, and a gentleman replied: "No, he is not here, but I am a Bishop, I am a Pope, I am Col. Robert Ingersoll; don't you see the danger into which you have fallen?"

Those who know Ingersoll can imagine the hearty, mirth-provoking manner in which this was said. The company laughed; Brother Maurelian withdrew in disgust and filled whole columns of the Chicago papers with a tirade on the Colonel. It really was indicative of utter depravity to call himself a Pope in the presence of Maurelian, the manager of the Catholic Educational Exhibit! And then think of the sacrilegious mockery of the ladies who laughed at this blasphemous statement!

IN RUSSIA four-fifths of the cases of cholera have proved fatal. In Hamburg about one-half, and in France and North Germany one-fifth. It has been most fatal in Persia, eighty per cent. of those attacked dying. One-fourth of a million Persians perished.

Dr. M. L. Holbrook.

We call attention especially of those interested in the profound researches into the arcana of living forces, to the suggestive article in this number of LIGHT OF TRUTH by Dr. Holbrook. As a physician he has achieved an enviable standing in New York City, and the *Herald of Health*, which he edits and publishes, is in the front ranks of hygienic instruction. He has engaged to furnish contributions to our columns from time to time on the ever-interesting subject of healthy living.

THE many expressions of esteem pouring in upon the publisher are an evidence that the LIGHT OF TRUTH has found a welcome. We ask that our friends will co-operate with us in extending the circulation of the paper to the end that mental darkness may be dispelled and humanity united. The LIGHT OF TRUTH is published in the interest of humanity, not in sects or cliques, but in the aggregate. Our purpose is not to curry favor, but to voice the truth as given to the world through the principles of Spiritualism. Upon this ground we abide.

THE members of The First Universalist Church of Englewood (a suburb of Chicago), have organized a Union Study Club, with a range of studies wide as all literature and science. The most prominent branch is the *Psychic Section*, which fearlessly takes up all the questions and phenomena in that vast field of research. The members have adopted Hudson Tuttle's "Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science," as their text book.

THE Holy Father was pleased to grant to the faithful Catholics of the United States a dispensation of the law on the 21st of October. As this was a feast day rather than a fast, he allowed them to eat meat, which, otherwise it being Friday, they could not do. Think of it, a sin to eat meat on Friday unless the Holy Father grants the favor! and this in the light of the last of the nineteenth century!

MR. SAVAGE ON SPIRITUALISM.

In the November issue of *The Arena* the Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston, gives a few clear-cut thoughts on Spiritualism which are healthy to read, and from which we extract the following:

Among other pertinent thing he says: "The old crude theories of Materialism are antiquated, and 'dead matter' is philosophically and scientifically unknown. The only Materialists to-day are a few belated survivors, fossils of a bygone period of human thought." Materialism, then, is dead, and Spiritualism is taking its place.

"It is not science, but only shallow sciolism that assumes that our present senses are a measure of the universe. Men like Professor Crookes and Nicola Tesla are already on the eve of physical discoveries that promise to reveal to us forms and conditions of matters quite unlike those with which we are familiar. For anything at present known to the contrary, the soul or the self may emerge from the experience we call death with a body as real and much more completely alive than the present visible body, and which shall yet be invisible, inaudible, and intangible to our ordinary senses. Indeed 'spirit photography,' whether true or not, is not at all absurd or scientifically impossible in the nature of things. The sensitized plate can 'see' better than the ordinary human eye, for it can photograph an 'invisible' star. It may then photograph an invisible 'spiritual body,' provided any such body really exists.

"As to the possible existence of a 'spiritual world' in the neighborhood of the earth, I need only quote Young, who

lived not long after Newton, and who is the famous scientist

who discovered and demonstrated the present universally accepted theory of light.

Jevons in his work in 1879 says:

"We can not deny even the strange suggestion of Young, that there may be independent worlds, some possibly existing in different parts of space, but others perhaps pervading each other, unseen and unknown in the same space."

It is not scientific wisdom, then, but only scientific ignorance or

prejudice that supposes that the student engaged in the work of

psychical research need apologize to science. There is

nothing which his work pre-supposes that in any way what-

ever contradicts any established principles or verified con-

clusion of science.

"In the light of these facts, and considering the character and the learning of those engaged in the work, it is time that the silly attitude toward it were given up. The time is passing away when such a remark as the following should be possible. The Rev. J. G. Wood was a clergyman of the Church of England, and a world-famous naturalist. As the result of years of careful investigation, he became a firm believer in the spirit world, and in communication between that world and this. Some years ago he was in Boston, giving a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute. In conversation with him at that time, he spoke freely of his experiences, and told me stories as wonderful as any I have ever heard. He said: 'I do not talk about these things to everybody. I used to think anybody who had anything to do with them was a fool, and—I do not enjoy being called a fool myself.'

"It is time that this sort of thing were gone by. The wise man whose whole stock in trade on this subject is an ignorance only less than his prejudice, will soon learn that it is not entirely scientific to 'know all about' a matter about which he really knows nothing at all. It is a subject as fairly open to scientific investigation as is the germ theory of disease. It is purely a question of fact and evidence.

"About seventeen years ago, the father of one of my parishioners died. Soon after she came to me, saying she had been with a friend to consult a 'medium.' As she thought, certain very striking things had been told her, and she wished my counsel and advice. Then it came to me with a shock that I had no business to offer advice on a subject concerning which my entire stock of preparation consisted of a bundle of prejudices. Then I began to reflect that this one parishioner was not alone in wanting advice on this subject; and I said to myself, whether this be truth or delusion, it is equally important that I know about it so as to be the competent adviser of those who come to me for direction. I should have felt ashamed to have had no opinion on the Old Testament theophanies or the New Testament stories of spirit appearances or demoniacal possessions. Why should I pride myself on my ignorance of matters of far more practical importance to my people? As part of my equipment for the ministry, then, I said to myself, I must study these things until I have at least an intelligent opinion. Such then, were the circumstances and motives that led to my prolonged investigation."

Mr. Savage also refers to a number of eminent scientists who are interesting themselves in the phenomena of Spiritualism, saying that Professor Henry Sidgwick, of Cambridge, England, the great writer on ethics, in his address as President of the English Society for Psychical Research, declared it to be "scandal" that matter of such great importance, and involving the life interest of so many people, was not scientifically investigated and settled; and the first time that so significant a thing ever occurred, Professor Oliver Lodge, of Liverpool, in his address as President of the Physical and Mathematical Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, only last year took similar ground, and challenged the attention and interest of the leading scientific men of Great Britain.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH
HOME PHENOMENA.

D. J. BALDRIDGE.

The writer having witnessed many tests in spiritual phenomena, takes pleasure in relating the following, which, in his mind, is one of the most wonderful and convincing he has ever had the good fortune to see.

Upon last Tuesday evening Mrs. Plymouth Weeks, a well-known Cincinnati medium, made a social call at the residence of Mrs. Baldridge, of 144 West Seventh Street, this city. During the evening circle was formed, the purpose being to accept any results that might come. After sitting I should say five minutes, Mrs. Weeks remarked that there was a message upon her arm. The arm was bared for inspection, and upon the cuticle in raised white warts, were distinctly written three names and one message. The names were relatives of the family, and the message to a visitor who chanced to be present. The names were all recognized and the message accepted, the name signed, being that of an old friend who had passed away some time since. The arm was then bathed, the sleeve pulled down, and the circle formed again.

Once more the writing appeared, this time being the initials of Mr. Baldridge's father's name. The initials was given in full, being the same white warts, but the letter taking on a rustic form. For a third time the circle was formed, during this sitting an uncle of Mr. Baldridge's came to another medium

News from Correspondents

Boston Notes.

Sunday, November 6th, was among the fairest; it seemed almost as though it were trying to be gracious in compensation for the terrible weather of the day before—a snowstorm which would have done credit to mid winter.

Sunday, at 10:30 I was among the favored ones gathered at Berkeley Hall, under the auspices of the Boston Spiritual temple, to listen to Willard J. Hull. The services opened by congregational singing, led by Mr. William Boyce with the corral, after which Mr. Hull read a poetical selection entitled "Thirty Years with a Shrew," another song by Miss Davis, and Mr. Hull announced the subject of his discourse, "The relation existing between a man's thoughts, beliefs, and doctrines and the state of his liver, or, in other words, mental dyspepsia." I may not have given the exact wording, but it is nearly so. The lecture must be heard to be fully appreciated. It was full of excellent points and telling blows on error, for which he is so famous. Many marks of interest and approval were given, as his hearers followed him with earnest attention, and at the close many expressed themselves enthusiastically in favor of the effort and of the speaker. Mr. Hull has made many warm friends here in the East in the short time he has been on the Eastern platform. They recognize in him an uncompromising advocate of truth and a fearless opponent of error. He announced as the subject for the evening, "Evolution and Reincarnation," inviting all to be present, especially those who believe in the doctrine. Having an engagement for afternoon and evening I could not hear this, but am informed it was a masterly effort from his standpoint. Mr. Hull is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Boyce, of 52 Rutland Square, which is sufficient, certainly to his physical happiness, as all know who have had the pleasure of being in their most excellent homes.

At 2 and 7:30 o'clock the spirits, through my instrumentalities, addressed assemblies of Spiritualists at Lynn, Mass., at Cadet Hall, under the management of Mr. James, a most sincere and earnest worker. We had a good audience in the afternoon and the house well filled in the evening. The chairman had, according to his own desire, advertised a discourse upon the final outcome of the present agitation upon the question of "Labor and its relation to Capital." The guides gave a discourse of considerable length, dwelling upon the principles which ought to govern man in all his dealings with his fellow-man; also spoke of the many evils existing and of the law of infinite and eternal justice, which, in nature's time, and in her own way, finally adjusts and corrects the wrong, whether man wills it or not. The evening discourse was upon Spiritualism, and some of the signs which had followed, or of the wonderful train of phenomena and phenomenal occurrences, which had accompanied this wonderful system of thought since the beginning. The powers of healing by laying on of hands, as possessed by J. R. Newell of this age, contrasted with a like power possessed by the spiritual man of Nazareth so many centuries ago, and the phenomena of the present time declared to even surpass many of the so called miracles of the past.

Meetings are being held regularly at the First Spiritual temple. Last Sunday the speaker was Mrs. Celia Nickerson. Sunday school meets at 11 a.m. On Thursday, October 9th, the Helping Hand had a large and in every way enjoyable supper, social and literary entertainment. Among our number was a former reverend, a Mr. Lathrop, who recently became convinced of the truths of Spiritualism, and, consequently, sacrificed his position in the Church. He desires to find a place in our work as a speaker upon the platform of Spiritualism. He is a young man, sincere and earnest, and talented, and I hope societies will bear him in mind. It is late for the present season, but if any have one or more Sundays disengaged, I do not hesitate to recommend this gentleman. We also had on that evening another just learning the grandeur of the truth of spirit-return, Mr. Charles Day, young man who seems to be called by the powers leading us all, to make a sacrifice, as he says, of friends, their good opinions, etc., as many others have, and leaving these and follow the light. This seems to be a time when many are turning their attention to Spiritualism, and are becoming convinced. They come from all classes.

What do I hear taking my attention from things spiritual right in the midst of this letter? Drum and fife with martial music! Looking out a glare of red lights is thrown over the darkness of night, and I behold Melrose out in full force celebrating the change of administration of government; for this week we have passed through one of those great transformation scenes, through which only republics can pass. And, although you do not admit political discussion in your columns, I feel sure you will excuse me when roused from spiritual reveries by such demonstrations if I just stop and wonder if the time is very far away when a change still more radical will take place which will not be from Republican to Democratic rule, but from the rule of wrong, injustice, and political inequality, to the rule of right, justice, political equality, and the right of suffrage for woman.

R. SHEPARD LILLIE.

Mrs. H. S. Lake interested the members and friends of the Fraternity Society, on the 31st ult., by giving a discourse on the work of the temple and her connection with it. Outlining the work of the society from the beginning up to the present time, together with some of the experiences which had been hers as a medium. In this connection Mrs. Lake read an extract from one of her lectures given while in the West, which referred to an instrument who was to outline the purposes for which the building "The First Spiritual Temple" had been constructed, although Mrs. Lake at that time was wholly unacquainted with the movements of this association. The entire discourse was impressive and full of interest to the friends.

E. B.

Baltimore, Md.

W. J. Colville gave his last lecture at Wurzburger's Hall on Sunday, October 30th. He has made a lasting impression here, not only among Spiritualists, but among others who came to hear him through mere curiosity. A well-known citizen, not a Spiritualist, remarked to me: "We must have this man back here, not under the auspices of your society, but as a public lecturer, to address an intelligent audience on this philosophy of yours about which so little is known. I am going to see what can be done; I think we could fill one of our largest halls."

For November the Religio Philosophical Society has engaged Mr. E. D. Fairchild, as lecturer, and Miss Maggie Gaule, as test medium, to occupy the rostrum on alternate Sundays. The name of Miss Gaule is known even in your section as that of a remarkably gifted medium. In Baltimore—her home—her popularity is extraordinary. Her seances are attended by many besides regular Spiritualists, and late-comers can seldom find a seat in the crowded hall. Her private work is such as to make her friends wonder how she can stand the strain. Yet, to an observer, her gifts seem growing greater every day.

When one reflects that J. D. Roberts attracts as large crowds, and that the half dozen or so of minor lights in the mediumistic field are all doing well, one can have no fear of the vitality of the cause in Baltimore. Far from it. There is a spirit of inquiry among our best people, which must result in the conversion of many to spiritual truth. One of our weeklies, the *Every Saturday*, which may be called a society paper, has opened its columns to the discussion of Spiritualism, and the day is not distant when the big dailies will be compelled to follow suit.

Mr. Fairchild spoke on Sunday morning, 6th inst., on "Spiritualism, what it is," and in the evening gave a very interesting account of how he became a Spiritualist. The audience on both occasions were well pleased. The lecturer also took occasion to read and comment on a libellous article on Spiritualism and Spiritualists, published in the Roman Catholic magazine, *The Month*, and reproduced in the Sunday edition of the *Baltimore American*. This vile production should not be allowed to pass unnoticed by the spiritual press.

DEC.

St. Louis, Mo.

The St. Louis Association were happily surprised October 16th by a visit from Brother J. H. Randall. He made a telling speech of thirty to forty minutes, which captivated the audience.

Mrs. Anna Orvis is serving them this month and next. She is a favorite in St. Louis, and is rapidly rising as a spiritual star that shines across the continent. Phenomenal mediumisms are lively in St. Louis. Messrs. Ormrod, Cordingly, Johnson, and Mrs. Hill were conspicuous.

The Ladies' Aid is still active and efficient, indispensable to the ladies in hand, and it has many of the best women in the city for its representatives, conspicuous among which are Mrs. Fox, the president, Mrs. Charles Brown, Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Steinman, Mrs. Hadlock, and others whose names have slipped my memory.

October, 1892, was my third engagement with this society since April, 1891, and the more I know them the better

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Mr. and Mrs. Osborn are quiet, but faithful and firm. Mrs. Osborne, totally blind, is a rare medium, as well as a woman of superior qualities. These and many more make a strong backing to the cause in St. Louis.

Nevertheless the tendencies that dominate the movement in other places exert a paralyzing influence upon the aims and efforts of these earnest, hard-working disciples of truth in St. Louis as elsewhere. Those who see the causes seem to be powerless to remedy them, and the result is that the great majority of thinking, growing Spiritualists are never seen at any of the public meetings. Those who do work against such odds and obstacles are entitled to great credit and a crown of glory; and their work, though badly handicapped, exerts a power for good, which the selfish drones but dimly realize. But I have abundant faith that evolution will cure all the evils that hedge the way of truth and emancipate the slaves of selfishness and vanity, and make every drone an efficient worker in the vineyard of progress. Heaven hasten the day.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Columbus, O.

Mrs. S. K. Thomas, of 1136 Hunter Street, writes: "What joy fills the hearts of those fortunate ones who succeeded in entering the spiritual circles lately held at the residence of John A. Sarber. Nearly all who applied for admission were investigators, and it gives me joy to say that all were converted to Spiritualism. No one could sit through a circle, presided over by that wonderful medium, Mrs. Sadie Seery, and depart unconvinced. The good seed has been sown. How often have I heard the remark, 'I wish we could know just what heaven is like; I wish I could be sure my darling is with me.' I myself, while yet groping in darkness, was full of doubt in regard to orthodox teaching, but I listened while a good woman talked and explained to me, and read the spiritualistic papers. I know none but educated and cultured people could write such articles. I entered the first circle a firm believer; I asked no test questions; I had no need of that, my spirit friends manifested themselves to me in a truly wonderful manner. In Mrs. Seery's circles the spirit friends never fail to give their loved ones satisfaction; names are correctly given, all questions asked correctly answered. I had the pleasure of sitting beside the medium in almost every circle. Day in and day out, from early morning until midnight this dear little woman labors for the cause, gives her strength and vitality, that sorrowing hearts may be comforted. She returns to the home of John A. Sarber, 24½ South High Street, November 25th. Mr. and Mrs. Sarber open their house to the public and are doing all in their power, to spread the good work.

The Psychological Research and True Life Circle of Columbus, has reached the plane of regular and harmonious public meetings on Sunday evenings at K. of P. Hall, on S. Fourth Street, and private circles every Thursday evening for development, under the management of Mr. Daniel McClane, a highly cultivated and gifted clairvoyant. He has proven himself to be a careful delineator of spirit-appearances, and every evidence points to the conclusion that he attracts spirits of a high order. A few weeks since, in his rooms, a circle was formed that soon satisfied all the students that the conditions were salutary to all of them, and soon had manifestations that demonstrated that it was satisfactory to those who came from "over the river" and made their presence known. Mr. McClane announced the presence of a stranger who desired recognition, bearing every evidence of high standing when in mortal life, and great mental endowments. No one recognized him for some time. At last Mr. C. C. Pomeroy said the portrait fitted Horace Greeley, whereupon there was an indescribable feeling of delight—a condition of harmony in the circle, never before experienced by any of its members. Mr. Pomeroy, in early life, was one of a corps of mineral land-surveyors in the copper regions of Lake Superior. During that period of mineral excitement Horace Greeley was one of the pioneers, and spent part of the summer of 1846, in that region, and tented with young Pomeroy, made coffee in the camp kettle and soaked hard tack, caught fish and alternated feasts with pickled pork. Mr. Pomeroy will make oath that he had not thought of Mr. Greeley for months prior to this interesting scene, and that Mr. McClane knew nothing of this episode in Pomeroy's professional life. The conversation was continued for a short time and was as satisfactory as occurs between mortals here, when accidentally meeting former friends with no time for protracted interviews. It will be a very interesting discovery for many students of metaphysics, if skeptics and scientists, who are of the "I don't believe" wisdom class, will tell us just where mind-reading comes in this incident.

Daniel Webster also favored the circles with his presence. To give in detail the conversation with these distinguished personages would take too much of your space. To those who know these facts, the cry "it is not so" is the noise that follows the crash of falling fragments of the iceberg, when the sun does its work. Silence only there and no harm done.

Springfield, Mo.

In my travels hither and thither I was favored with an opportunity to attend one of the Spiritualist meetings in Springfield, Mo., and I believe that a sketch of what I saw and heard there would not come amiss to the many readers of your most excellent paper.

The first meeting of the day was the Children's Progressive Lyceum, which meets every Sunday at 2 p.m. I understand that this lyceum was organized by the present speaker there, Rev. James DeBuchanan, M. D., Ph. D. This lyceum session was well attended, and it was a delight to see the many happy faces as they were scattered in regular groups throughout the hall. I would also say here, that these faces were of persons of all ages—from the wrinkled countenances of old age to the rosy cheeks of babyhood. The entire session was conductor by the doctor, who seemed to take a deep interest in everyone present, although his instructions were chiefly to the adult group.

At 3 and 7:30 p.m. we attended the doctor's regular lectures. Here we found the hall nicely filled on both occasions by an intelligent and appreciative audience. I was pleased to note the high regard in which the friends of Spiritualism in Springfield hold their speaker. As I looked over the audience to mark the effect of the logic that flowed from the brain of the inspired speaker I could read the fact that all sat in rapt attention to the grand truths that his lips uttered, and all seemed to become filled with the ideal of a higher and better selfhood as the philosophy and science of Spiritualism were elucidated to their understanding. The friends there are delighted with their good fortune in having this eloquent speaker with them, and all would glide along happily. I am told but for a few who, not having outgrown the teachings of the orthodox Church, and are, therefore, not fully in sympathy with the doctor's fearless and uncompromising manner of speech concerning the origin and authenticity of the Christian religion and Bible, are privately taking an antagonistic position toward the doctor and his lectures, which causes a slight ripple upon the placid surface of society, harmony, and co-operation.

However, we can not expect that all minds are grown to that degree of maturity where they can bear the full light of truth unalloyed, hence the friends are not disturbed by the disapproval of the few, but are hewing to the line of facts, letting the chips fall where they may.

In conclusion let me add, that on Wednesday afternoons the Ladies' Benevolent Educational Society, which was originally organized by Rev. Mrs. M. T. Allen, but revived by the doctor, holds its regular meetings. I am told that it is a flourishing condition, and much good is being done by them.

Thursday night they have a meeting of "Everybody's Club," another crystallization of the doctor's untiring effort in behalf of organization and co-operation within the ranks of Spiritualism. Dr. Buchanan is, beyond doubt, doing a stirring work in Springfield, and infusing new life into the Spiritual Society there, regardless of criticism.

A TRUTH-SEEKER.

The Ladies' Aid is still active and efficient, indispensable to the ladies in hand, and it has many of the best women in the city for its representatives, conspicuous among which are Mrs. Fox, the president, Mrs. Charles Brown, Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Steinman, Mrs. Hadlock, and others whose names have slipped my memory.

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LYMAN C. HOWE.

Cures Others

Will cure You, is a true statement of the action of AYER'S Sarsaparilla, when taken for diseases originating in impure blood; but while this assertion is true of AYER'S Sarsaparilla, as thousands can attest, it cannot be truthfully applied to other preparations, which unprincipled dealers will recommend, and try to impose upon you, as "just as good as Ayer's." Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's only, if you need a blood-purifier and would be benefited permanently. This medicine, for nearly fifty years, has enjoyed a reputation, and made a record for cures, that has never been equalled by other preparations. AYER'S Sarsaparilla eradicates the taint of hereditary scrofula and other blood diseases from the system, and it has, deservedly, the confidence of the people.

When I was travelling and introducing DA-
VIS' INFLAMMATOR EXTRACTOR I talked to

large crowds of people, and used the Extractor to demonstrate the FACTS that I told about it, and in the city of Providence, the home of

one of the most popular medicines, stood on the main bridge and operated on and

cured more than four thousand persons of the

troubles mentioned in my circulars, and sold at retail more than eleven thousand bottles

and did not ask a single person to buy, but

they bought it after witnessing the effects of it on their citizens, and I have sold the

whole dealers alone more than one hundred and

fifty thousand bottles.

Dr. J. W. DeHoog's

SANITARIUM.

62 E. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

For the cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Cough, Croup, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Bright's Disease, Dysentery, Rheumatism, Brain Feat, Hay Fever, Chronic Sore Throat, Inflammation of the Larynx, Rheumatic Colds, Coughs, St. Vitus Dance, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Wakefulness, and most other chronic or nervous disorders, successfully treated for \$5 per month. Special attention given to Female Weakness. Patients treated by mail. Consultation free. Call or address as above. Send circular. Vapor and Medicated Baths.

Dr. J. W. DeHoog's

SANITARIUM.

<p

THE WOMEN'S CLUB.

Conducted by EMMA KOOD TUTTLE.

SHE WHO IS TO COME.

A woman—so fair she beholds her
Her eyes beaming with a smile,
A mother—with a great heart that enfoldeth
The children of the Race;
A body, free and strong, with that high beauty
That comes of perfect use and built thereof,
And mind where Reason reigns over Duty,
And Justice rules with Love,
A self-poured, royal soul, brave, wise, and tender,
A self-possessed, blind and dumb,
A Human Being of yet unknown splendor,
Is she who is to come!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

We cordially invite contributions suitable for this department. Do not wait till you have something great to say, what is of daily interest and moment to be sent to us. We are our Club. Consider yourself one, expected to do your part in entertaining the others. Please write on one side of the paper, and address all matter for publication to Emma Kood Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

THE RICH MAN'S CHILDREN.

A Story for the Young.

P. F. DE GOURNAY.

Once upon a time there lived, in a far-off country, a very rich and good man; so rich that no one but himself could have told how far his possessions extended; so good that his sole aim was to make everyone happy. This good man was very fond of children. He had a great many. Some were beautiful, some quite homely; there were blind boys and hunchbacked girls, cripples and lame ones; yet all were beloved alike by the father. Outward appearances made no difference to him—handsome is who handsome does—and if he could have had any preference it would have been for the poor, suffering ones—his lamb he called them.

For good reasons of his own this rich man did not keep all his children near him in his magnificent home, but sent them for a time to a distant farm of his. The land there was very fruitful, yet there were some barren places, steep, rocky hills, and dangerous precipices scattered here and there. However, the place being quite large, one might live happily and in safety there if he had the prudence to avoid these bad places, or to be careful in crossing them. Besides guides were appointed whose duty was to watch over the children and lead them safely through such perils. Then the children themselves could help each other; the stronger and older ones taking care of the young and weak. Had not their first and most beloved teacher taught them to love one another, and never to do to another what they would not like him to do to them? "My dear children," he used to say, "it is your father's wish that you should learn these rules, never forget them, and harm shall not come to you; but you will live happily though it be far from that dear father's home, your home, where you will go when the time comes."

I am sorry to say the guides were not always as faithful in the discharge of their duty as they should have been; especially as that best of teachers had left instructions, so plain and so comprehensive, that nothing was required but to follow them explicitly. Some vain guides added ideas of their own to these instructions until they were lost sight of; others—crafty ones—interpreted the instructions to suit themselves; others again, too lazy to take any trouble, never learned, much less taught these rules. So the poor children got into all sorts of trouble; bewildered by the different instructions of their guides, they wandered to and fro aimlessly; they quarreled and fought; the strong oppressed the weak, the crafty robbed the simple. All was confusion. The golden maxims of the good teacher seemed to be changed to "Hate ye one another; might is right; trample upon your brother, if to use him as a stepping-stone will help you to attain wealth or power."

The father knew of this state of things and it grieved him, but he could not allow this to interfere with his plans. He had done everything to insure the welfare of his children while they stayed on the farm; he was preparing homes for them near him; homes so beautiful that they would make them forget their past sufferings. As fast as these homes were completed he called back a number of his children to come live in them; meantime they must bide their time. Yet he did not desert them now even for that brief time. He sent messengers to tell them what he was doing for them; to repeat to them the words of the good teacher—wiser than whom never lived—to assure them of his love, and to remind them that they might make or mar their own happiness.

The messengers were faithful; they did their duty and delivered their message. Some of the children, bless them! listened and believed; joy replaced gloom in their troubled hearts; they clung lovingly to these, bearers of glad tidings; they learned again the golden rule, and set about conforming their action to it while waiting for the signal of departure. Others laughed scornfully; so long had they lived in ignorance that their very faculties were blunted; all this talk about beautiful homes and a loving father they thought was sheer nonsense; the farm was good enough for them; they had plenty and would enjoy it until they died, and there was the end. The larger number, and I must say they were led on by the guides, denounced the messengers as agents of the devil sent to mislead the children; if these listened to them they would incur the displeasure of that terrible father, whose anger they had been threatened with more than they had been told of his great love. The children who followed the messengers were treated like outcasts, and they had many sore trials. But this did not make them waver in their faith. They knew that the messengers spoke the truth; they knew that the happy homes awaiting them were not a fiction, and they bore up with contumely and injustice, striving earnestly to become deserving of their father's love.

Every day a certain number of children were recalled by their father. There was no choice, good or bad, strong or weak, they must start on the day appointed. Swiftly they went to the boundary of the farm—a dark river which they had to cross. Then what a strange change! The blind could see, the lame trot nimbly, the deformed stood up straight as an arrow, the ugly had become beautiful. Not all, alas! if, with many, the pure soul had thus transformed the body, endowing it with its own beauty; others there were who appeared hideous to their companions. Their secret faults, their vices, and wrong doings no longer concealed, branded their features with a repulsive stigma. The former saw loving hands held out to them, beaming faces smiled a welcome; they stepped forward, heavenly music filled the air, home, sweet home, reached at last! Happy children! Here is the true life, the life of love, the life everlasting! But how is it with the others? The unfortunates whose evil doings have become manifest to their own shame and mortification? They grope in darkness; they will wander until realizing their true condition they succeed in cleansing their hearts, until, listening to the voice of kind teachers, they learn to know and love truth until, in fine, they become worthy of entering the home that shall await their coming, be it ever so long.

The happy children have enjoyed this new bliss, they have rested and have gained strength. They think of their brothers on the farm. "Oh, father! so many are miserable while we are happy here with you. While we tried to keep in the path, picking a flower here, a fruit there by the roadside, but eager to come home, some have bruised their feet on the rocks and refused to go further; some have surfeited themselves and fallen asleep under the fruit-trees; some have

wandered off in the dark woods and lost their way—what will become of all of them, our brothers?" And the Father: "There spoke my own children! Go, my beloved! go seek them and bring them back, even though it be but one at a time. They must all come home; I have mansions enough for all—riches enough for all. Even those poor deluded ones will some day come out of the darkness into the light."

And the blessed children went on their work of mercy, and they brought back not only their wandering brethren, but many of the guides who had been appointed to lead them.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

DUAL RELATIONS.

MRS. CELIA LOUCKS.

The spirit world and its deathless forces enwrap us everywhere. Witnesses are always with us, not necessarily the angel hosts alone, but spirits still clothed with the flesh. While we linger in the mortal form upon earth's shore, we are at the same time living in a spiritual world, and, to a certain extent, obeying the laws of the unseen universe. Forces that balance the human economy are called physical and spiritual laws. The necessities of our natures make use of these laws, and it is well to learn to know ourselves.

Evidence can be gained relative to the psychic power effecting and acting through the ordinary affairs of earth-life and often largely governing human action. There are many gifts of the spirit which prove to us how vast is the reservoir of occult force upon which we may and do constantly draw, although much ignorance causes many blunders which we are apt to call our experiences and schooling. This that is flesh, which belongs to the material sphere and which has within it the breath of life, is the statue which unseen power has builded and cemented together with the masonry of spirit.

This spirit is veined with the impetus of life force which is radiator to the mortal and immortal man. The science of Spiritualism yet to be discovered, lies within the connective laws of being, which are yet to be rounded out through a perfect knowledge of our spiritual gifts. These many gifts, which are given various names such as psychometry, clairvoyance, clairaudience, etc., when fully developed, will blend as a whole individuality and make us competent to adjust ourselves into our proper places in the world.

The book of the dual universe is open before us, and we may become cultured if we study and practice its divine lessons. The highest right that we may attain is that which makes us the most perfect being, spiritually and physically. There are already too many wrecked individualities to be met with. Let us study our "gifts," not simply as a development of mediumship, but as a development of true manhood and womanhood. With a full knowledge of individual law of soul we shall know why we are affected thus and so by the different persons and conditions around us and so be able to do away with the "battle of life."

She Pleaded Guilty.

"Judge, I plead guilty; he speaks the truth; I am what I am, and what you see, So old in a damned, unhallow'd youth.

That your wrinkled years seem young to me. Don't preach—don't lecture; I know it all; The easy canting, the fluent words, The solemn driveling texts from Paul,

And a mangled phrase or two of the Lord's.

"Moreover, you err if you suppose That even a harlot, soiled in sin, Slides down the darkness without some throes Of the marred purities within,

Oh, sir, you wrong even our disgrace To think that we never wail and cry Out from the foulness, with lifted face,

To an awful something up in the sky.

"Do you think I never dream of home? Of a weary man with whitening hair; Of a missing voice in a vacant room,

And the sobs a-choke in a woman's prayer? That nothing has ever prompted flight,

Swift as my hungry feet could fly,

Fatherward, motherward—that I might Fall on their necks, break heart and die?

"My God! My God! when the masked brow just He clothed to a false, forged radiance, while The bloom of the soul is baked to dust—

And straight through your fabricated smile Dread ghosts of murdered innocence sing Perpetual javelins from their eyes,

And babe's b'r'd-like chirruping

Scares like thunder out of the skies—

"When the sweet sanctities set on guard

The inner whiteness from outer stain,

Tricked of their holy watch and ward,

Moan and madden in heart and brain;

And a howling fury hunts and hounds

Wherever a clean thought hides away,

And a dreadful voice of dooming sounds

Through the haunted chambers night and day;

"And a something mocks you when you laugh,

And a something jeers you when you weep;

And hellfire lurks in the wine you quaff,

And a fiend grins at you in your sleep;

And a coiling horror sucks you down

Through a black and bottomless abyss—

Judge, do you think your legal frown

Can aghor punishment worse than this?

"Bah! what an infinite fool am I!

To talk like this to a man like you!

Some day the toughest of us must die—

And we shall be sifted through and through.

Sifted and sorted. Judge, have you thought

That possibly to the Sorter, then,

Something that now is may be caught—

When the coward's shrieks steam up from men?"

—Kansas City Mail.

What an appalling commentary upon the barbarism of civilization is the above poem wrung from the depths of despair. It is such scenes that throw upon the canvas of human life the putrid background of savagery. Is there not a need of angels to soothe and caress the fevered, storm-tossed, and buffeted wrecks of earth, the victims of man's inhumanity to man? Ah, yes! and when the recompense comes many a Magdalene will reign a queen, while her destroyer, though nobles and princes amongst men here, will take their true places as paupers upon an infinite domain who would give life itself for a look of recognition and a word of pardon from the wronged ones.

THE HUMAN EAR.

Few people realize what a wonderfully delicate piece of mechanism the human ear really is. That which we ordinarily designate as the "ear," is, after all only the mere outer porch of a series of winding passages which lead from the world without to the world within. Certain of these passages are filled with liquid, besides having membranes stretched like parchment curtains across the corridor at different points. When a sound wave strikes these they are thrown into vibrations and made to tremble like the head of a drum does when struck with a stick or with the fingers. Between two of these parchment-like curtains a chain of minute bones extend, which serve to tighten or relax the membranes and to communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost place of all, a row of white threads, called nerves, stretch like the strings of a piano from last point from which the tremblings reach, passing thence inward to the brain.—*Journal of Health*.

Prejudice, like bigotry, darkens the intellect.

MEDIUMS AND LECTURERS.

Moses Hull speaks in Washington, D. C., during November.

Mrs. Ada Foye's permanent address is P. O. Box 517, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe-Watson may be addressed at West Side, Santa Clara Co., Calif.

Mrs. Celia Loucks will make engagements for fall and winter to lecture. Address Flindlay, O.

Oren Stevens, the boy medium, during November address at 55 Fremont Avenue, Dayton, O.

Mrs. A. H. Colby Luther may be engaged for November, '92, and January, '93. Address Crown Point, Ind.

Mrs. Effie Moss, materializing medium, will be in New York City during November. Address Six Avenue.

Mrs. Dr. Sarah B. Marvin, spiritual healing medium, has removed from Charlestown, Mass., to 225 Weymouth Street, Providence, R. I.

W. A. Mansfield is located at present at 1426 Cedar Avenue, Cleveland, O. Will visit neighboring towns at intervals.

H. Bowtell speaks in Plymouth, Mass., November 13th; Malden, Mass., December 14th. Address 225 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

G. W. Kates and wife have accepted a call to spend the winter in Colorado and the West. Their address during November will be Aspen, Colorado.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stranger, inspirational lecturer and test medium, will respond to all calls. Address 171 Pine Street, Muskegon, Mich.

Will C. Hodge, who is now located at Chicago, does engagements in the lecture field for Winter months. Will make terms reasonable. Address 315 West Van Buren Street.

Mrs. L. A. Grove desires to serve societies as platform test and musical medium. Those wishing her services can address her at 277 North Nineteenth Street, Columbus, O.

Mrs. O. E. Daniels, trance and inspirational lecturer, can be addressed for fall and winter engagements; will also speak at funerals. Address 4934 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Many testify to the correctness of readings on all business, social, and domestic matters given by Mrs. Maggie Stewart. Price 51 and stamps. Address, 264 E. Main Street, Piqua, O.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets, inspirational speaker, Grand Ledge, Mich., P. O. Box 883, will make engagements for the fall and winter, beginning September 1st. Will also answer calls for funerals.

Mrs. J. W. Miner, trance speaker and psychometric reader, is now ready to respond to all calls for platform work. Permanent address 102 East Twenty-fifth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. A. E. Kirby, trance speaker and platform test medium, will answer calls for above named purposes in neighboring towns and cities. Address 130 Locust Street, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.

Willard J. Hull speaks in Haverhill, October 30th. November he has the rostrum of the Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass. Address mail, 52 Rutland Square, Boston, Mass., care of Wm. Boyce.

Mrs. Lora Holton, musical test medium and psychometrist, will answer calls for platform work for societies in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois at reasonable terms. Address her at Vicksburg, Kalamazoo Co., Mich.

Jennie S. Johnson, President M. O. O. B., may be addressed until further notice for formation of auxiliaries of Mediums' Order of Beneficence, etc., for lectures, tests, psychometric readings, etc., at Ashland, N. H., Box 8.

Geo. H. Brooks is now ready to accept engagements to lecture from all points, having given up the work of the State Association of Illinois. He lectures in Winona, Wis., during November and Kansas City, Mo., during December. May be addressed for the present at 144 N. Liberty Street, Elgin, Ill.

Prof. J. M. and Mrs. M. T. Allen closed their engagement with the society at Liberal, Mo., on Sunday, September 25. They spoke at Cherryvale, Kan., October 2d. From Kansas City Mrs. Allen proceeded to Decatur, Iowa, while Prof. Allen started by the Santa Fe for the Pacific Coast, stopping off at Topeka to lecture October 9th. His first engagement in California is at San Bernardino, where he opened work October 16th. Address 142 Seventh Street, that city.

Benedict Arnold was not the first or only traitor during the revolution. His predecessor in that "Judas" office was Dr. Benjamin Church, of Raynham, Mass., arrested, tried and imprisoned at Cambridge, Mass., in 1775. He had been an active member of the provincial congress, and was trusted as an ardent patriot. He was released from prison in 1776, because of failing health, embarked for the West Indies, and he and the vessel in which he sailed were never afterward heard of.

Dr. Willis is permitted to refer to numerous parties who have been cured by his system of practice when all others had failed. All letters must contain return postage stamp. Send for circulars with References and Terms.

Mention this paper.

A. WILLIS.
Materializing Medium,

264 East Third Street, City,

Will hold circles Tuesday, Wednesday,

and Friday afternoons at two o'clock. Every eve-

ning Monday and Saturday excepted; at eight

o'clock. Ten

Saturday, November 19, 1892.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH

7

Miscellaneous Articles

WHAT IT TEACHES.

Columbus Day has gone, and probably not one in fifty thousand of those now on earth will be living on the next Columbus Day. It has gone, but its lessons remain, and in its lessons is the most important event of many years.

There has never before been a holiday like it in its influences for good and for evil. Never before has this nation seen a day which belongs to the whole nation appropriated by one sect for its own glory and aggrandizement.

America was discovered for Protestantism, and Protestantism has given to it all the good that is in it. While Rome ruled, darkness and ignorance and vice prevailed, just as they prevail to-day in South America, which is, without doubt, an exact picture of what North America would be had Rome retained complete possession. But Romanism and Protestantism can be traced on the map of the hemisphere by dark and light lines—where Rome rules, degradation prevails; while civilization with education and true Christianity follow in the footsteps of the Protestant faith. Columbus Day was boldly seized and appropriated by the Church which has ever cursed where she has ruled. She seized the occasion to show her strength—to intimidate the timid and to cover the political demagogue.

Boston might stand for all other cities and towns in the Union, as an example of the conduct of the day. The city appropriated \$20,000—for what? to glorify Romanism. No self respecting Protestant organization could participate in a celebration in which they would be looked upon as "heretics" and interlopers—and all honor, we say, to the American spirit which refrained from being humiliated.

Rome planned to show her strength; but what a miserable failure! The Boston *Herald* says there were twelve thousand and in line; the *Globe* says twenty thousand. But nearly one-half of these were children, and one-fourth were Italians and Portuguese who are not voters. Eight thousand would be a liberal estimate of the number of voters in the Boston parade; and these were gathered from all parts of the State, under duress from bishop and priest. Is this the best Rome can do? Then certainly her threats of boycott are not very frightful. Eight thousand from all parts of the State, while in Boston alone there are eighty-seven thousand voters registered! Is this all the appeal of bishop and priest accomplished?

The procession was composed of the ninth Massachusetts Regiment as the top slice of the sandwich; then a slice of Italians with another slice of Irish. A dish of macaroni flanked by pretzels. There was a big show of Clan-na-Gael and Mafia. One of the Italian societies bore the name of George Washington; but none of that society bore little hatchets though some of them looked as if they might "do it" with their little stilettos. It seemed most incongruous that the Irish should take the glory for the alleged work of one of the race which they most affect to despise under the epithet of "dagos."

There was one Italian society which had the courage and good sense to refuse to parade as Papists, and that was the "Circolo Giordano Bruno." There were some hard-looking priests in the line, many of them with the temperance organizations, but looking as if they had never seen a temperance day. The little boys carried guns; the men from East Cambridge carried meat choppers (probably because they were employed in the pork factory).

The little boys marched finely; the girls made a very pretty picture in red, white, and blue. But every motion of the priests and laymen in the crowd plainly said: "This is for the glory of our Church!" And so it was in every part of the country. *Harper's Weekly*, in speaking of the celebration in New York, says:

"We who are, what is left of us, Americans, may like it or not, as we please, but the Columbian celebration was the most un-American ever seen on this continent. It evinced through the outpouring of that continental Columbian spirit a degree of enthusiasm for the memory of that Genoese adventurer who blundered into the West Indies while hunting for Japan, such as the memories of the men who made the country, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, never produced and never will. The few who reverence the statue on the sub-treasury steps, the thirteen trees on Washington Heights, the tomb at Riverside, may make up their minds to have less and less to say about the history that is making or that has been made. They will find themselves a small and not very popular 'cult' in the course of a very few generations. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that in 1992 the fame of Columbus to the people of the City of New York—who may or may not be at that time people of the United States of America—will be a fame that quite overshadows the fame of the men who signed the Declaration and framed the Constitution. In proof of this unpalatable prophecy may be instanced the fact that never in the history of celebrations in this country has there been one before that grew out of the hands of its original contrivers as this one did. * * * It will be remembered that a few foreign-born gentlemen met at a dinner party in the city just a year ago, and agreed to send a professional costumer to Spain in order to arrange an allegorical pageant in commemoration of the discovery. Contemporaneously, the editor of an Italian newspaper opened a subscription list for a monument. When the success of the subscription was assured, the promoters of the plan asked the park commission for the best site in the city whereon to place their monument. The commission demurred. The Grand Circle of Central Park was not only the finest site in the city, but of the New World, and ultimately would be of both worlds. They thought that in a few years the place would be wanted for a monument to the soldiers and sailors of New York who perished in the rebellion. But as the park commission deliberated and inquired, they found that in the city of New York less and less "stock" was taken yearly in the soldiers and sailors of the rebellion; that New York concerned itself about as much with them as it might have done with the gazette of casualties among Xenophon's ten thousand Greek mercenaries, and not one hundredth as much as it had with the volunteers who went out with Worth to enlarge slave territory by the accession of thousands of Mexican square miles in the cause of manifest destiny. So the park commission gave the site to Columbus, and there he stands to-day as the discoverer of a world which he was sure never existed; for he always bore to the south in his search for terra firma, and left this continent to such dreamers as old Ponce de Leon, who only sought it to cure his rheumatism."

That was in New York; but in the smaller towns the foreign spirit showed itself just as aggressive. A note to *The Citizen* from Michigan says:

"On Columbian celebration day in this city (West Superior) the Roman Catholic priest refused to allow the Roman Catholic children of the different schools to take part in the parade because the officers would not allow them first place in the first division, or at the head of the procession, they being assigned first in the second division. The children were all on the grounds, but, upon learning they could not be assigned to first place, the priest would not allow them to march."

In South Weymouth, Mass., the priest refused to participate because a Methodist minister was to make the opening prayer; and so the brave (!) committee asked the minister to resign.

A note to *The Citizen* from Washington, D. C., says:

"I send you this day a Washington *Morning Post* with an account of the Romish torchlight parade here, last night. I should say four thousand would be a liberal estimate of the numbers of the paraders. More than one-half were boys—a large percentage were what might be termed 'infants at the breast.' There were more Irish, Italian, Spanish, and papal flags than American. Special orders were issued by the chief marshal that all foreign flags must be accompanied by the American. This order was carried out better than in any previous display here."

But in giving one you give all. *The Citizen* has received papers from the East, West, North, and South, and all reports are of the same stamp. Imagine the Episcopalians making of Washington's birthday an occasion to glorify the Episcopal Church at the expense of the city! Imagine the Methodists using the birthday of Grant in this way or the Baptists the birthday of Roger Williams, or the Congregationalists asking for an appropriation of \$20,000 from the city for the express purpose of making capital for their Church on Foresters' Day! This is just what Rome did! Here are a few press opinions showing just how Rome's action is regarded. Says the *Pittsburg American*:

"The zeal of the Roman Catholic Church is calmly appropriating to itself all the glory of the discoveries of Christopher Columbus, when history tells it blocked his steps in every possible way, is characteristic of that body."

The Presbyterian Witness says: "A strenuous effort is being made to utilize Columbus for promoting the interests of the Church of Rome. No self respecting Protestant organization could participate in a celebration in which they would be looked upon as 'heretics' and interlopers—and all honor, we say, to the American spirit which refrained from being humiliated."

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It is a sad fact that none of us are as handsome as we think we look in a uniform.—*Elmira Gazette*.

It's odd how old corroborations of modern beliefs crop out. The Indians that welcomed Columbus four centuries ago were good Indians, and like all good Indians they are now dead.

So they are, and in spite of all missionary endeavor the race died out before being converted.

SPICY SIFTINGS.

"Ever in jail?" asked Dare-Devil Dick.

"Once," answered Bloody Bill. "Hoss stealin'."

"Get sent up?"

"Yes. Two years."

"Whar was y'r pals? Couldn't they prove an alibi?"

"Yes, they could hav proved one fur me, but they couldn't hav proved no alibi fur the hoss. I was ridin' him when I was ketched, b'gosh!"

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It's odd how old corroborations of modern beliefs crop out. The Indians that welcomed Columbus four centuries ago were good Indians, and like all good Indians they are now dead.

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SPIRITUAL BOOKS.

For Sale at the Office of THE LIGHT OF TRUTH, Room 7, 200 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The following list contains most of the best works on the philosophy and science of Spiritualism and kindred subjects, which are kept in stock at this office. Remit by postoffice money order, registered letter, or draft on Cincinnati or New York. Do not send drats on local banks. *Stamp will postally not be taken in payment.* Send all orders and make all remittances payable to C. C. STOWELL, Room 7, 200 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

The Content of the Sacred Heart, by Hudson Tuttle. This book was written for an object, and has been pronounced equal to any existing work on the didactical method of Catholicism—*"Uncle Tom's Cabin."* It should be read by every man, woman, and child who loves their country, their religion and their God. Price, in cloth, 25 cents. Postpaid, \$1.00.

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Life in Two Spheres, by Hudson Tuttle. In this story the scenes are laid on earth and in the upper regions, presenting the spiritual and physical and the real life of man. All the questions which arise on that subject are answered. The spiritualist will be delighted; the investigator will find it invaluable, and the church member gain a full and perfect idea of the nature of man's spiritual being. It is printed on fine paper, handsomely bound, \$1.00.

Studies in the Outlying Fields of Modern Science, by Hudson Tuttle. A collection of various subjects, the vast array of fields in its field of research which hitherto have had no apparent connection, by referring them to a common cause and from them arise to the laws and conditions of man's spiritual being. It is printed on fine paper, handsomely bound, 25 cents.

Holiness of Man and Ethics of Science, by Hudson Tuttle. Not service to the Gods, but knowledge of the laws of the world, belief in the divinity of man and his eternal progress toward perfection is the foundation of this book. 320 pages, finely bound in muslin, \$1.00.

What is Spiritualism? Rules for the Formation of Circles, Cultivation of Mediumship, the Names of Eminent Persons who have Accepted Spiritualism; Their Testimony, and a List of the Best Publications on the Subject, by Hudson Tuttle and Dr. John C. Wyman. A tract for circulation. An eight-page tract, designed to give a clear and forcible review of spiritualism and its supporters. Single copies 5 cents, 7 copies 25 cents, 30 copies \$1.00, postpaid. Address C. C. Stowell, Cincinnati, O., or Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O.

Spirit from the Legacy to the Wide, Wide World, Voices from spirits—their experiences in earth life and spirit spheres, in ages past, and their many incarnations in earth life and other planes. Given in a series of short chapters. *The Order of Light*, A novel that goes beyond earth life, two pages. Handsome muslin binding; \$1.00.

Christianity a Fiction, by Dr. J. H. Mendenhall. The astronomical and astrological origin of all religion. In poetic form, with "Introduction" and "Notes on Spiritual Inspiration" in prose. Price 25 cents, postage 5 cents.

Lyre's Lessons, by G. W. Kates. Being a series of questions and answers in lesson form, exercises upon each lesson, and a series of practical illustrations.

What is Spiritualism? The Best Record of Spiritualism, by Hudson Tuttle. Not service to the Gods, but knowledge of the laws of the world, belief in the divinity of man and his eternal progress toward perfection is the foundation of this book. 320 pages, finely bound in muslin, \$1.00.

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The Soul to Sun, by Emma Rodd, Tuttle. This volume contains the best poems of the author, and some of the most popular songs with the music by eminent composers. The poems are admirably adapted for recitations. 225 pages, beautifully bound. Price, \$1.50.

Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist? by Mrs. N. C. Maynard. The most remarkable book of modern times, 112 mo., cloth and gold, 10 illustrations. Price \$1.50.

Uniquely Unveiled, Ancient voices of spirit realm, containing most ancient documents proving Christianity to be of heathen origin. Introductory and conclusions by the compiler, comments on the spirit-communications by J. M. Roberts, former editor of *Mind and Matter*. Price \$1.50, postage 12 cents.

Gleanings from the Rosarium, by Hon. A. B. French. Contents—Dedication; Life sketch of author; by Hudson Tuttle; William Denton; G. W. Kates; W. H. Smith; Mohammed; Joseph Smith; Conflicts of Life; Poverty; and the Vicinity of Ideas; The Unknown; Future Life; Anniversary Address; Egotism of our Age; What is Truth? Decoration Address. 300 pages, cloth and gold binding. Price \$1.00, postage 25 cents.

The Occult Forces of Sex, by Lois Waisbroker. Three pamphlets in one binding, entitled: "From Generation to Regeneration," "The Sex-Question and the Money-Power," "The Tree of Life between Two Thieves." Price 55 cents.

One Little Pilgrim, by Mrs. Oliphant. A pretty full of spiritual thought and food for little children, a good book to introduce to those seeking spiritual light and comfort. Pocket Edition, price is 1 cent.

Relation of the Spiritual to the Material Universe; the Law of Control, new edition, enlarged and revised, by M. Faraday. Price 15 cents, postage 1 cent.

The Origin of Life, or Where Man Comes From, new edition, enlarged and revised, by M. Faraday. Price 1 cent, postage 1 cent.

The Development of the Spirit after Transmigration: the Origin of Religion, by M. Faraday. Price 10 cents, postage 1 cent.

The Process of Mental Action, or How We Think, by M. Faraday. Price 15 cents, postage 1 cent.

Christ a Fiction, by Mrs. Colby-Luther. A radical lecture delivered before the Brooklyn Society of Spiritualists, Dec. 13, 1885. Price 25 cents.

The Law and Remedy of the Present Financial Condition of the Country, by Mrs. Colby-Luther. Lecture delivered at Albany, N. Y., May 23, 1885. Price 10 cents, postage 1 cent.

Who Was Jesus Christ? by Mrs. Colby-Luther. Preface by a memorial from "Richmond Telegraph" of June 25, 1885. Price 10 cents.

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The Process of Mental Action,

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS, Continued.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

—Mr. H. W. Archer, materializing medium, is holding seances at 431 West Sixth Street, this city.

—C. J. Barnes, trumpet medium, has left for Akron, Ohio, where he will give seances to a large number of his friends and acquaintances.

—The *Ohio State Journal* at Columbus is giving C. C. Pomeroy, one of our prominent lecturers, considerable space in reporting his rostrum work.

—Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, wife of B. F. Underwood, the Agnostic, has become a Spiritualist, and her husband might as well give up his doubts. So says the *Alvone*.

—John Barnes, of Divernon, Ill., is in distressing circumstances, being ill, exhausted, and penniless. Those who can spare a mite for a Spiritualist brother, will benefit themselves by remitting to him by mail as above.

—Among his prophecies of 1890—published in the *The Arena* at the time—Dr. J. R. Buchanan prophesied that the Republican party would meet with a large defeat in 1892, and that Cleveland would be elected president of the United States. Skeptics may deny these facts, but will have a hard time explaining them away.

—Next Wednesday the Ladies' Aid of the Union Society gives Thanksgiving eve supper and social at G. A. R. Hall. Adults 25 cents; children 15 cents; supper from 6 to 8 o'clock, social from 8 to 11. Donations for the same will be gratefully accepted by any of the ladies connected with the society, and it is hoped that all those interested in the welfare of the cause will give their mite with a generous heart.

—Next Sunday, as already announced on various occasions, the Hon. A. B. French, the "silver tongued" orator, will address the members of the Union Society at G. A. R. Hall. Mr. French is pronounced by all who have heard him as a grand speaker, while those who have read his contributions in this paper during the past know what his capabilities as a writer are. In combination, therefore, we may look for a treat not often enjoyed.

—Mr. F. H. Bemis, of Meadville, Pa., we are pained to state, has lost his only daughter. She was the light, love, and joy of the family circle, and with her demise a bright star has ceased to brighten the material pathway of her parents. But the pure and good die young, it is said. Angelhood blossoms earlier in some than in others, as some roses reach perfection ere they have attained their proportionate size. But nature is not unjust to her children. She returns to each what he claims through the ties of love; for love is immortal and eternal. We all shall meet again in a happier reunion than earth life can afford, and meet to part no more. Let this be the comfort of all loving parents.

—Prof. J. Clegg Wright closed his engagement with the Union Society last Sunday with two excellent lectures and interesting preludes to the same. The professor's evening theme was: "Malthusianism, or Population considered from a Spiritual Standpoint." He introduced the subject with an explanation of the Malthusian doctrine, but simplified it in his usual practical manner by a little allegory. He depicted an imaginary island with a certain population, capable of producing just enough to support themselves. The question then arises what to do in the event of additional members to the flock; i. e., an over-population compared with the resources. The remedy suggested is to take from each enough to supply the others. But the human race, as it exists to day, will not compromise that way. The more fortunate ones prefer to utilize this extra population for their benefit, and thereby enrich themselves more, while the less fortunate are made poorer by the labor competition that arises in consequence. This is the situation in the United States to-day, and the cause of the uneasiness that exists among the people. Many think a change of government will effect a relief, and thus the recent overthrow of one party for another. But it will not produce that which men are intuitively seeking. There are other things to be done to bring about a change that will benefit the poorer classes. New problems will arise that must be solved ere the results sought for will be attained. Malthus suggested a limitation to population, but this is fatal doctrine, and Spiritualism looms up as the savior of the human race, revealing truths that, if carried out, will lessen human wants and thus break the necessity of wealth-accumulating as a relief.—Interpolated with this digest various other subjects of the day were treated upon which brought forth generous applause, the lecture closing with a morale on Spiritualism and the effects such would have in the course of time.—Next Sunday the Hon. A. B. French lectures both morning and evening.

—The Ladies' Aid Society met as usual Wednesday last at 2:30 o'clock, G. A. R. Hall. Many were absent on account of the inclement weather, but those who did brave the storm were well repaid, for it was an unusually interesting meeting. First on the program was the taking up of donations for the supper to be given upon Thanksgiving Eve. The usual query as to the feasibility of charging fifty cents arose, but was overruled, and the wood old price of twenty-five cents agreed upon as being within the reach of all. And let us hope the ladies will have cause for thanksgiving (?). May their supper meet with the attendance it deserves. Business over attention was given to the free circle which has caused some little alarm among the ladies as to their laurels. We not only come second in the week, but only one day after the free circle. It is believed, therefore, that some extra effort must be put forth, as there are few who care to attend two days in succession entertainments so similar in character. The ladies of the "aid proper," the disinterested worker for the great cause of Spiritualism will be always found at their post, but the casual visitor must be entertained, and that was the subject under discussion. Many were the thoughts put forth, but much remained to be decided upon, on account of absent members. That the meeting 2:30 sharp was decided upon; that if officers were absent or tardy, substitutes were decided upon; that the social part begin at 3 o'clock also was decided upon, with an intermission between 3:45 and 4 o'clock, in which to collect dues. If all is carried out as proposed that afternoon the society will be heard from in the future as it has never been in the past. Then came a kindly proposition from the *LIGHT OF TRUTH*, inviting mediums to send accounts of their performances (?) that they might publish them—a mutual benefit to both medium and paper. And I would here say that there is no more suitable motto for our society than "United we stand, divided we fall." The *LIGHT OF TRUTH* has no reporter to send to report the interesting facts that take place among our mediums, therefore can not unassisted by them report their work to the inquiring public, but if they will have some one send an intelligent report they will see that it meets the eye of those not only in our city, but elsewhere.

C. A. R.

Rochester, Ind.

Under the old name, *Better Way*, it was good, very good, but since it was renamed, rechristened, and redressed it is better in all respects. Its columns are crowded and packed with the best thought. The reopening of the message department is a good thing. Through it many hearts will be made glad.

In the above no courtesy is intended to any of your former associates. Sunday, October 16th, Dr. H. S. Stanley, of Hoosier Falls, N. Y., spoke morning and evening. Morning subject: "Why Drs. Savage, Newton, Swing, and Abbot denied the divine inspiration of the Bible, and what would be the result on the intellectual world." Evening subject: "The Religion of Nature." Dr. Stanley remained over Monday night and delivered, we think, the best of the three: "Moral Courage." The Doctor's guides seem to take in local situations at glance, and shape accents accordingly. It was a great treat for which we are thankful.

The 30th of October we had the female Ingersoll, Mrs. Colby-Luther, for two lectures, and they were lectures such as only flows from the lips of her or Col. Ingersoll. The peers of the world's rostrum are they. Her audiences were large and of the most intellectual calibre.

The 6th of November came Mrs. Nickerson-Warne, who was with us Sunday morning, evening and Monday evening the 7th, who also had large audiences of the more conservative, and who weaves a spell in her way.

The quarterly meeting of the State Association of Spiritualists will be held in Spiritual Temple, Rochester, commencing Thursday, December 15th, and continuing four days, and a good attendance is expected, also good speakers. Any good slate-writing medium who can get messages under favorable conditions, or a good trumpet medium, I think, will do well here then. Phenomena brings the crowds to your halls, out of the crowd you get the converts.

NOW AND THEN.

It was an agricultural editor who wrote: "Pumpkins are said to be fattening for hogs, but we have never tried them ourselves."

Notes from San Francisco.

The *LIGHT* has dawned upon the Spiritualists of this city by the Golden Gate, and thus far only words of praise have been spoken of it. With its well supplied table of literary contents—spiritual philosophy, choice fiction, and subjects of interest to every progressive mind and thinker, the *LIGHT* or *TRUTH* should experience no difficulty in throwing its rays into every Free Thinker's and Spiritualist's home.

Though here in San Francisco we are in the last throes of a red hot political campaign—only about a dozen candidates for every municipal office—Spiritualism still is an attraction and is making good progress in opening the eyes of the people. There are many meetings held during the week, and all are well attended, the hall often proving too small to accommodate comfortably those who attend. The writer on a recent evening attended the meeting held at 111 Larkin Street, where he had the pleasure of listening to a short address by Mr. Morton, who urged upon Spiritualists the necessity of breaking away from "the God idea and the Church" if they wished to truly progress. The brother's remarks provoked some discussion—but I think he was misunderstood; the Churches' idea of God is not that of the Spiritualist, and I took him to mean that we must not look upon God as does the Church—not that we must believe that no God exists. Mrs. Lewis-Fitch, the popular materializing medium, and Mrs. Finucane, a splendid test medium, gave some striking proofs of spirit presence, some of the messages being for persons who had never before attended a spiritual meeting. They were followed by Mrs. Bates, an inspirational and healing medium, after which the meeting resolved itself into a sort of social gathering, a peculiarity of these meetings, very pleasant and profitable, which lasted until a little after 10 o'clock p.m. The speaking and tests were interspersed with excellent instrumental and vocal music, which added much to the enjoyment. Thursday evening, Ben Barley, a splendid platform medium, has a meeting in the same hall, under the auspices of the Medium's Union, a flourishing institution. Sundays Prof. Fred Bell speaks to very large houses at Metropolitan temple, being followed by Mrs. Waite, a remarkable test-medium, and the two are doing a grand work. Besides these there are many other meetings, all in a prosperous condition and doing good work for the cause.

Mrs. Fitch-Lewis has been quite ill for some time, but is now recovering, and will soon be able to take up her work again in earnest. John Slater, "the inimitable," is still on deck, and just as good as new, his tests always strike home. It was the good fortune of the writer to attend a materializing seance a few evenings since, at the parlors of C. V. Miller, 535 Post Street, under the most severe test conditions. Mr. Miller was first stripped and searched by a committee and found to have on no white garments—except an undershirt—and nothing concealed in his clothing. A committee then proceeded to tie him to his chair, an ordinary cane-bottomed chair, an expert tying the knots, which were covered with sealing wax and stamped so that the least disturbance of the rope, a five-eighths cotton clothes-line, would break the wax. The medium was then placed in his cabinet, the lights lowered, and those present sang a few verses, and while the singing was in progress a tall form arrayed in shining white came from the cabinet. Others followed, and twice two forms appeared together. The medium was not well, but that seemed to make little difference to his guides and spirit helpers. Among those present were Dean Clarke, of 1055 Market Street, the well known spiritualistic speaker and writer, Prof. Leons, Mrs. Dr. White, 37 Scott Street, who was called to the cabinet by her sister, whose form and features were so well defined that recognition was immediate; W. Heise, 903 Sutter Street, Dr. C. A. Bonesteel, 105 Stockton Street, who recognized one of the spirits who came from the cabinet; Robert R. Hill, Asa P. Wilbur, 227 Seventh Street, Mrs. Davenport, 23 Fulton Street, O. B. Boe, 115 Stockton Street, E. Lewis, 113 Valley Street, and many others whose names I did not learn. In addition to the well defined forms there were several very shadowy, some but partly shaped and several luminous floating balls, which came from the cabinet. At the close of the seance, the knots were found intact, and where the rope had been wound about Mr. Miller's wrists was a deep, red crease, showing all too plainly how tight the rope had been drawn. The seance in its results was most satisfactory—a grand demonstration of spirit power, which astounded the skeptical ones present, while pleasing the friends of Mr. Miller, who believe there is a bright future before him. Mrs. F. A. Logan, one of the oldest workers in the field, is still telling people of the grand truths of true Spiritualism Fred Evans, who is known on both continents, is still in the city, and the writing done by spirit hands in his presence upon slates, gives disbelievers something to think of, and brings the light to many hearts.

SPRITO.

Hamilton, Can.

The third of a series of public services was held on Sunday evening, November 6th, at the Maccabees Hall. Subjects were handed up by the audience, viz., "What about the personality of the devil?" "The origin of evil," and "Has God ever manifested himself personally to man?" The controls of Mr. Geo. W. Walron discussed each subject in a masterly manner. As the devil was the creation of man, his personality only existed in the imagination of those who believed in him. The origin of evil was traced to man's transgression of natural laws and not living in harmony with the spiritual nature of his being. As God was immanent in all things he was only to be seen in the manifestations of nature. The patriarchs of old when confronted by some spiritual visitor thought they had seen God face to face, and records of such mistaken identities were to be found not only in the Bible, but in the history of every nation. Great interest is being manifested at these services, and many who hitherto had kept their light under bushel are no longer afraid or ashamed to avow their knowledge of spirit-intercourse and the experiences they have had in their own homes. Now that the ice has been broken in Hamilton by the few staunch men and women who have had the courage to launch out into the depths of public work it is to be hoped the good work will continue. To Mr. and Mrs. Maddock, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, to Mrs. Walron and Mrs. Cline, and our medium, W. Walron, the credit is due.

One of our public workers and trance mediums from England was at one time a soldier in the British Army and fought in various campaigns. We are glad to know that Mr. Walron has left the field of carnage and is now doing battle for the truth of Spiritualism in a more peaceful manner. At Hamilton, Can., Mr. Walron is now conducting a series of public meetings for the elucidation and teachings of Spiritualism. The *Hamilton Spectator* refers to his war services in the following paragraph, under date of November 7th:

"Geo. W. Walron, bookkeeper with Robert Evans & Co., was initiated as a member of the British Army and Navy Veterans on Saturday. Mr. Walron joined the Sixth Royal Warwickshire regiment as a private soldier in 1862, and became a sergeant-major of the army service corps in 1877. In 1879 he was promoted to the rank of an ordinance officer, for service on the field, by Lord Wolseley, when in Zululand. Mr. Walron has served in Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Palestine, Alexandria, Cairo, Bombay, Cape of Good Hope, and at various places in Great Britain, Ireland, and the Channel Islands. He was orderly sergeant-major to the Prince of Wales on the return of his royal highness from India, at Gibraltar. Mr. Walron has the Zulu war medal and clasp for three years' service in the field, the Egyptian war medal, the Khedive's star for service in the Sudan, and the Queen's medal for long service and good conduct, besides other honors and a pension earned during a service of twenty-two years in the British Army."

St. Paul, Minn.

As Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly has completed his two months' engagement for two months more, it may be of interest to engagement with our society and entered on his second engagement with our society to learn something regarding his success and of the estimation in which he is held by a critical Spiritualist public. As president of the Spiritual Alliance, I feel confident that I express the sentiment of the Spiritualist public of St. Paul in saying that Mr. Edgerly stands among the best who ministered to our people from the Spiritualist rostrum. His controls are of a high order, his language scholarly, and he handles his subjects eloquently, and is a gentleman in all that the word implies. Though he does not claim a specialty as a platform test-medium, at the close of his lectures he gives many descriptions, and often names of spirits present a great majority of which are publicly recognized. With the greatest pleasure I endorse brother Edgerly and recommend him to all societies. Yours fraternally,

M. T. C. FLOWER.

688 Marshall Avenue.

Albany, N. Y.—Mrs. H. S. Lake, regular speaker of the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, is giving a two-months' course of lectures before the Spiritual Society at Albany, N. Y. She was greeted by two very fine and appreciative audiences on the opening Sunday, November 6th. Present address, 103 Grand Street, that city.

NOTES FROM ALL POINTS.

New York City.—Belle V. Cushman, treasurer New Society of Ethical Spiritualists, writes that Mrs. Ada Foye was engaged to serve the above society for the 18th inst. at 44 West Fourteenth Street.

Detroit, Mich.—A correspondent writes that Henry B. Belmer, with other mediums are forming a company to travel and give mediumistic or occult exhibitions throughout the country, this being the first of the kind on record.

Lancaster, O.—Mrs. L. A. Groves, a platform test medium, of 27 North Nineteenth Street, Columbus, Ohio, gave an entertainment to as thoroughly pleased an audience as it has ever been my lot to witness. Her Italian singing, piano playing, whistling could not possibly be equaled by natural man. Her invocation, sermon, discerning, and describing of spirits gave general satisfaction. Her next engagement is in Cincinnati, O.—Charles Carter.

Waverly, N. Y.—The Spiritualists of Waverly and the Progressive Association of Spiritualists were treated to a feast on October 20th in listening to two inspirational lectures given by Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, of Fulton, N. Y., while en route to Philadelphia, where she speaks to the First Spiritual Association through the month of November. Her subjects were given by the audience and handled to the satisfaction of all present. Her tests after each lecture were very fine and generally recognized. Mrs. Lyman may be assured of a hearty speaker.—Mrs. C. T. Lyons, Sec'y.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Brother J. W. Dennis, of Buffalo, N. Y., lectured for our society Sunday, the 6th inst. We find Mr. Dennis a good speaker, an able gentleman, and truly hard worker for the cause. Our people are pleased with him, and we will serve our society for the month. Mr. Dennis is open for engagements. His address is 1011 Cedar Street, and we recommend him to the good will of other societies.—Mary E. Horn, Vice Pres't.

Mantua, Ohio.—The Spiritualists of this place met November 6th at 2 p.m. and organized the Mantua Psychical Research Society with over twenty members. The following officers were elected: Louis King, president; Mr. Anderson, vice-president; W. F. Ball, secretary, and Gertie Paul, treasurer. The exercises were opened with singing, when the controls took charge of Miss Frankie Ball (a child of fifteen years) and spoke words of encouragement through her; then played and sang a song. D. M. King was therewith controlled and gave us a short, spicy speech to encourage our endeavor. This was followed by tests, given through Prof. D. M. King, after which we adjourned to meet again November 20th, 2 p.m.—W. F. Ball, Sec'y.

Lebo, Kan.

Joy to the world, the truth has come,
Let heaven and nature sing,
While in our midst this truth bursts forth
Which robs death of its sting.

Thou truth divine, unchangeable,
From Thee, our Father God, art Thou,
And while we are basking in the light,
Our hearts sing praise forever, now.

Praise Him from whom all blessings flow,
Praise her who came His truth to show,
Praise for the sympathy and love,
Which comes through her from courts above.

We, the people of Lebo, and especially such of us who believe in the grand truths of Spiritualism, have had an opportunity of enjoying a most delightful course of Spiritual lectures, delivered through the mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Allen. These lectures were well attended by a good and appreciative audience, notwithstanding they were delivered the week preceding the election, and the minds of the people were very much occupied with the political issues of the day, and their time, in consequence, much drawn upon by the political speeches then being given.

The sublime truths of Spiritualism, as enunciated through this excellent medium, held the audience spellbound for the greater part of two hours each evening. The outpouring of the spirit was grand, and no mortal tongue can begin to tell the good that has been done among us. A bright, beautiful dispeller of gloom in the home circle. A veritable bank of sunshine to her hosts of admiring friends. Such is the influence of our sister in private life. In public and under spirit control the countenance ever prepossessing, is then illuminated with a spiritual radiance beautiful beyond compare. To those of us who live in the blessed assurance of immortal life, as taught by Spiritualism, her divinely inspired lectures are fountains of happiness, at which all who drink are imbued with renewed hopes and aspirations, born of the spirit of divine truth. And we feel to praise the infinite Father, who has vouchsafed to us, His children, such convincing proof of immortality and spirit-return as to come to us through the mediumship of this being, so much beloved by her many friends in both worlds. To such as stand in the shadows of doubt and uncertainty, not knowing what the future has in store for them, she comes as the ministering angel bringing to them hope, life, and light for their benighted souls. Of these, as many as see the light and having convinced themselves of its undying brightness and received the same, they shall not taste death such as they feared in times past. But as many are being apprised of the light, but too encumbered in bigotry and soul-sleeping prejudice to perceive it, the same can not know the message of love which their spirit friends bring to them, and hence must grope in darkness and night until such time as must elapse ere their souls can rise above the dense clouds which encompass them, and their spiritual visions are quickened to perceive the path adown which the light of immortal life is shining through the beautiful gates ajar.

To those who have not yet attended Mrs. M. T. Allen's lectures I would say improve the first opportunity given you to do so, as you can not afford to let such intellectual and spiritual feast pass by without availing yourself of the benefits to be derived from it. You can have this very desirable lecturer in your locality. Her terms are very reasonable, as you will find by addressing her at her home, Cherryville, Kan.

Yours for the truth, EMMA CHALLAND.

A Seance with Jennie Moore.

This lady, notwithstanding the bitter and shameful persecutions heaped upon her, continues the even tenor of her way in demonstrating the facts of Spiritualism at her home, 757 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Two seances are held weekly, on Sunday and Wednesday evening, and her rooms are always filled with an intelligent class of investigators, who, as a rule, are highly pleased with the manifestations. It was my good fortune to attend one of her seances a few evenings since, at which the manifestations were of a marked character. A committee of ladies were chosen, who disrobed the medium of every particle of white, substituting a robe of gray, with which she entered the cabinet. Thirteen persons were present, and the circle was no sooner formed than the spirits began manifesting. Some came with a semblance of clothing worn in earth life, of various colors and texture, while others were robed in purest white. Seventeen forms presented themselves, and were identified by their friends. Many cheering messages were given, and nearly all conversed readily, and were plainly heard by every member of the circle. One conversed in the German and one in the Bohemian tongue, which was conclusive proof of the genuineness of the manifestations, as the medium is familiar with none but the English language. This feature is of frequent occurrence in these seances, and is very pleasing one to all concerned. One of the finest manifestations I have ever witnessed occurred at one of these seances. My oldest brother, who lately passed from earth, and who, for more than forty years was an active member in the Methodist Church, presented himself as naturally as when in the physical form, even to the clothing worn, including a black skull-cap, which he took particular pains to show me.

The make-up was